

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL

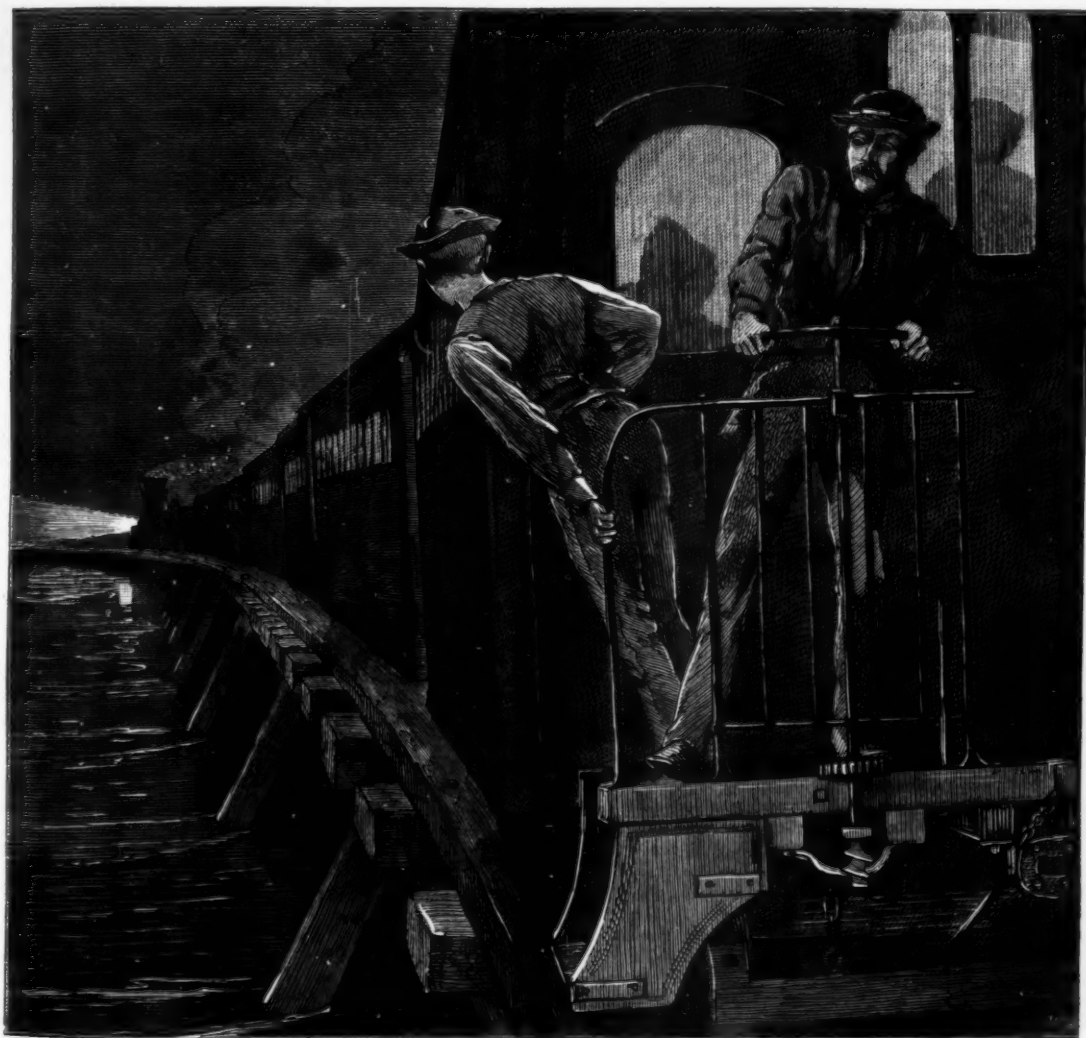
LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ART

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WITH SUPPLEMENT.



DANGER AHEAD

By WINSLOW HOMER.

## THE LADY OF THE ICE.\*

BY JAMES DE MILLE, AUTHOR OF "THE DODGE CLUB ABROAD,"  
"CORD AND CREESE," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—A CONCERT.—A SINGULAR CHARACTER.—"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."—A FENIAN.—A GENERAL ROW.—MACRORIE TO THE RESCUE!—MACRORIE'S MAIDEN SPEECH, AND ITS SINGULAR EFFECTIVENESS.—O'HALLORAN.—A STRANGE COMPANION.—INVITED TO PARTAKE OF HOSPITALITY.

On the following day I sent my notice to the papers.

On the evening of that day there was to be a concert. Everybody was going. It was under the patronage of the military, and of course everybody had to go. For you must know that, in a garrison-town like Quebec, we of the military order have it all our own way. If we smile on an undertaking, it succeeds. If we don't, it languishes. If we frown, the only result is ruin. But, as we are generally a good-natured lot, we smile approvingly on almost every thing. It gets to be an awful bore; but what can we do? Societies wish our countenance at their public gatherings, and we have to give it. Benevolent associations ask our subscriptions; joint-stock companies wish our names; missionaries and musicians, lawyers and lecturers, printers and preachers, tailors and teachers, operas and oratorios, balls and Bible-meetings, funerals and festivities, churches and concerts—in short, every thing that lives and moves and has its being awaits the military smile. And the smile is smiled. And so, I tell you what it is, my dear fellow, it amounts to this, that the life of an officer isn't by any means the buttermilk existence that you imagine it to be. What with patronizing Tom, Dick, and Harry, inspecting militia, spouting at volunteers, subscribing to charities, buying at bazaars, assisting at concerts, presiding at public dinners, and all that sort of thing no end, it gets to be a pretty difficult matter to keep body and soul together.

The concert under consideration happened to be a popular one. The best of the regimental bands had been kindly lent to assist, and there were songs by amateurs who belonged to the first circles in Quebec, both civil and military. It was quite a medley, and the proceeds were intended for some charitable purpose or other. The house was crowded, and I could not get a seat without extreme difficulty.

The concert went on. They sang "Annie Laurie," of course. Then followed "La ci darem;" then "D'un Pescator Ignobile;" then "Come gentil;" then "Auld Lang-syne;" then "Ah, mon Fils!" then "Roy's Wife of Alvalloch;" then "The Last Rose of Summer;" then "Allister MacAllister;" then "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls."

As this last song was being sung, I became aware of an old gentleman near me who seemed to be profoundly affected. "The Last Rose of Summer" had evidently touched him, but Tara had an overpowering effect on him. It was sung confoundedly well, too. The band came in with a wild, wailing strain, that was positively heart-breaking. The party just mentioned was, as I said, old, and a gentleman, but he was tall, robust, broad-shouldered, with eagle-like beak, and keen gray eyes that were fitting accompaniments to so distinguished a feature. His dress was rather careless, but his air and the expression of his face evinced a mixture of eccentricity and a sense of superiority. At least, it had evinced this until the singing of Tara. Then he broke down. First he bowed his head down, resting his forehead upon his hands, which were supported by his cane, and several deep-drawn sighs escaped him. Then he raised his head again, and looked up at the ceiling with an evident effort to assume a careless expression. Then he again hid his face. But the song went on, and the melancholy wail of the accompaniment continued, and at last the old gentleman ceased to struggle, and gave himself up to the influence of that wonderful music. He sat erect and rigid; his hands in front of him clasped tightly round his stick; and his eyes fixed on vacancy; and as I looked at him I saw big tears slowly coursing down his cheeks.

At length the song ceased, and he impatiently dashed his tears away, and looked furtively and suspiciously around, as though trying to see if any one had detected his weakness. I, of course, looked away, so that he had not the smallest reason for supposing that I had seen him.

After this the concert went on through a varied collection of pieces, and all the time I wondered who the old gentleman with the

eagle face and tender sensibilities might be. And in this state of wonder I continued until the close.

At last came the usual concluding piece—"God save the Queen."

Of course, as everybody knows, when the national anthem is sung, it is the fashion all over the British empire for the whole audience to rise, and any one who remains seated is guilty of a deliberate insult to the majesty of that empire. On this occasion, as a matter of course, everybody got up, but I was surprised to see that the old gentleman remained seated, with his hands clinched tightly about his cane.

I was not the only one who had noticed this.

The fact is, I had got into a part of the hall which was not altogether congenial to my taste. I had got my ticket at the door, and found that all the reserved seats were taken up. Consequently I had to take my chance among the general public. Now this general public happened to be an awfully loyal public, and the moment they found that a man was among them who deliberately kept his seat while the national anthem was being sung, they began to get into a furious state of excitement.

Let me say also that there was very sufficient reason for this excitement. All Canada was agog about the Fenians. Blood had been shed. An invasion had taken place. There was no joke about it. The Fenians were not an imaginary danger, but a real one. All the newspapers were full of the subject. By the Fenians every Canadian understood an indefinite number of the disbanded veteran soldiers of the late American war, who, having their hand in, were not willing to go back to the monotony of a peaceful life, but preferred rather a career of excitement. Whether this suspicion were well founded or not doesn't make the slightest difference. The effect on the Canadian mind was the same as if it were true. Now, since the Canadian mind was thus roused up to this pitch of universal excitement, there existed a very general watch for Fenian emissaries, and any of that brotherhood who showed himself too openly in certain quarters ran a very serious risk. It was not at all safe to defy popular opinion. And popular opinion ran strongly toward the sentiment of loyalty. And anybody who defied that sentiment of loyalty did it at his peril. A serious peril, too, mind you. A mob won't stand nonsense. It won't listen to reason. It has a weakness for summary vengeance and broken bones.

Now, some such sort of a mob as this began to gather quickly and menacingly round my elderly friend, who had thus so rashly shocked their common sentiment. In a few moments a wild uproar began.

"Put him out!"

"Knock him down!"

"Hustle him!"

"He's a Fenian!"

"Down with him!"

"Punch his head!"

"Hold him up, and make him stand up!"

"Stand up, you fool!"

"Get up!"

"Up with him! Let's pass him out over our heads!"

"A Fenian!"

"We'll show him he's in bad company!"

"He's a spy!"

"A Fenian spy!"

"Up with him!" "Down with him!" "Pitch into him!" "Out with him!" "Toss him!" "Hustle him!" "Punch his head!" "Throttle him!" "Level him!" "Give it to him!" "Turn him inside out!" "Hold up his boots!" "Walk him off!"

All these, and about fifty thousand more shouts of a similar character, burst forth from the maddened mob around. All mobs are alike. Any one who has ever seen a mob in a row can understand the action of this particular one. They gathered thick and fast around him. They yelled. They howled. The music of the national anthem was drowned in that wild uproar. They pressed close to him, and the savage eyes that glared on him menaced him with something little less than death itself.

And what did he do?

He?

Why he bore himself splendidly.

As the row began, he rose slowly, holding his stick, which I now saw to be a knotted staff of formidable proportions, and at length reared his figure to its full height. It was a tall and majestic figure which he revealed—thin, yet sinewy, and towering over the heads of the roaring mob around him.

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He confronted them all with a dark frown on his brow, and blazing eyes.

"Ye beggars!" he cried. "Come on—the whole pack of ye! A Fenian, ye say? That's true for you. Ye've got one, an' ye'll find him a tough customer! Come on—the whole thousand of ye!"

And saying this, he swung his big, formidable knotted stick about his head.

Those nearest him started back, but the crowd behind rushed forward. The row increased. The people in the reserved seats in front looked around with anxious eyes, not knowing what was going on.

The crowd yelled and hooted. It surged nearer. A moment more and the tall figure would go down.

Now, I'm a loyal man. None more so. I'm an officer and a gentleman. I'm ready at any moment to lay down my life for the queen and the rest of the royal family. I'm ready to pitch into the Fenians on any proper occasion, and all that.

But somehow this didn't seem to me to be the proper occasion. It was not a Fenian that I saw. It was an elderly gentleman; so sensitive, that but a few minutes before he had been struggling with his tears; so lion-hearted, that now he drew himself up and faced a roaring, howling mob of enemies—calmly, unflinchingly—hurting desperate defiance at them. And was that the sort of thing that I could stand? What! to see one man attacked by hundreds—a man like that, too—an old man, alone, with nothing to sustain him but his own invincible pluck? Pooh! what's the use of talking? I am an officer and a gentleman, and as such it would have been a foul disgrace to me if I had been capable of standing there quietly and looking at the old man at the mercies of the mob.

But, as it happened, I did nothing of the kind.

On the contrary, I sprang forward and stood by the side of the old

"Now, look here—you fellows!" I roared—"this is all very fine, and very loyal, but, damn it! don't it strike you that it's an infernally cowardly thing to pitch into an old man in this style? He may be a Fenian, and he may be Old Nick himself, but he's never done you fellows any harm. What the devil do you mean by kicking up such a row as this? You touch him, if you dare, that's all! You see my uniform, and you know what I am. I'm a Bobtail. This man is my friend. He's going out with me, and I'd like to see the fellow that will stop us."

That's the first speech I ever made in my life, and all that I can say is, that it was wonderfully successful. Demosthenes, and Cicero, and the Earl of Chatham, and Burke, and Mirabeau, all rolled into one, couldn't have been more successful. The mob rolled back. They looked ashamed. It was a word of sense spoken in a forcible manner. And that I take it is the essence of true oratory.

The mob rolled back. I gave my new friend my arm. He took it. The door was not far away. We started to go out. The people fell back, and made way for us. After all, they were a good-enough lot, and had only yielded to a kind of panic. All mobs, I suppose, are insane. The very fact of a mob involves a kind of temporary insanity. But these fellows had come to their senses, and so I had no difficulty in making my way through them along with my companion. We got out into the street without any difficulty. My new friend held my arm, and involuntarily made a turn to the right on leaving the door of the hall. Thus we walked along, and for some time we walked in silence.

At length the silence was broken by my companion.

"Well—well—well!" he ejaculated—"to think of me, walking with a British officer—arrum-in-arrum!"

"Why not?" said I.

"Why not?" said he, "why there's ivry reason in loife. I'm a Fenian."

"Pooh!" said I, "what's the use of bothering about politics? You're a man, and a confoundedly plucky fellow too. Do you think that I could stand there and see those asses pitching into you? Don't bother about politics."

"An' I won't!" said he. "But at any reet, I fecced them. An Oirishman niver sirrinders to an inimy. I fecced them, I did—an' I expriessed meself in shootable sintimints."

The rich Leinster accent of my companion showed his nationality more plainly than even his own explicit statement. But this did not at all lessen the interest that I took in him. His sensitiveness which had been so conspicuous, his courage which had shone so brightly,

and his impressive features, all combined to create a feeling of mingled regard and respect for my new acquaintance.

"By Jove!" I cried, "I never saw a pluckier fellow in my life. There you were, alone, with a mad mob howling at you."

"It's meself," said he, "that'll niver be intimidated. Don't I know what a mob is? An' if I didn't, wouldn't I fecce thim all the seeme? An' after all I don't moind tellin' you that it wasn't disri-spiet. It was only a kind of abstraction, an' I wasn't conscious that it was the national anthim, so I wasn't. I'd have stood up, if I'd knowed it. But whin those divils began reelin' at me, I had to trait thim with scarrun and contimpt. An' for me—I haven't much toime to live, but what I have ye've seerved for me."

"Oh, nonsense, don't talk about that," said I, modestly.

"Sorr," said he, "I'm very well aware that I'm under deep oblee-gations, an' I owe ye a debt of grateehood. Consequently, I insist on bein' greetful. I hold ivry British officer as me personal inimy; but, in you, sorr, I'm insible of a ginirous frind. Ye've seerved me loife, so ye have, an' there's no doubt about it. We'll weerve politics. I won't spake of the Finians. Phaylim O'Halloran isn't the man that'll minton onseasonable politics, or dwell upon unconginal thames, so he isn't."

"Well," said I, "Mr. O'Halloran, since you've introduced your-self, I must give you my humble address. I'm Lieutenant Macrorie."

"Macrorie?" said he.

"Macrorie," said I, "of the Bobtails, and I assure you I'm very happy to make your acquaintance."

We walked along arm-in-arm in the most friendly manner, chatting about things in general. I found my companion to be very intelligent and very well informed. He had travelled much. He expressed himself fluently on every subject, and though his brogue was conspicuous, he was evidently a gentleman, and very well educated too. I gathered from his conversation that he had studied at Trinity College, Dublin, and that he had been leading a desultory sort of life in the United States for twenty years or so. He had been in Canada for something less than a year, and was anxious to get back to a more southern clime.

Chatting thus, and arm-in-arm, we walked along. I had nothing to do, and so I went with my new-found friend, with a vague idea of seeing him safe home. Of course such an idea was preposterous, for he could have got home just as well without me, but I had taken a fancy to my new acquaintance, and found a strange charm in his conversation. He talked incessantly and on many subjects. He discoursed on theology, literature, science, the weather, the army, the navy, music, painting, sculpture, photography, engraving, geology, chemistry, and on a thousand other arts and sciences, in all of which he showed himself deeply versed, and far beyond my depth. He had a brogue, and I had none, but as for intellectual attainments I was only a child in comparison with him.

At length we reached a house where he stopped.

"I'm infeenetely obliged to ye," said he. "And now, won't ye kindly condiscind to step in and partee of me hospitalitee? It'll give me shuprame deloight."

After such an invitation what could I say? I had nothing to do. Accordingly, I accepted it in a proper spirit, and, thanking him for his kind invitation, I went in along with him.

O'Halloran led the way in. It was a comfortable house. The parlor which we entered was large, and a huge grate filled with blazing coals diffused a cheerful glow. Magazines and periodicals lay on the table. Pictures illustrative of classical scenes hung round the walls, done in the old-fashioned style of line engraving, and representing such subjects as Mutius Scevola before Porsenna; Belisarius begging for an obolus; Æneas carrying his father from Troy; Leonidas at Thermopylæ; Coriolanus quitting Rome; Hamilcar making the boy Hannibal swear his oath of hate against Rome; and others of a similar character. O'Halloran made me sit in a "sleepy-hollow" easy-chair by the fire. Beside me were two huge book-shelves crammed with books. A glance at them showed me that they were largely of a classical order. Longinus, Æschylus, Demosthenes, Dindorf, Plato, Stallbaum—such were the names that I saw in gilt letters on the backs of the volumes.

About the room there was that air of mingled comfort and refinement that is always suggestive of the presence of ladies. A work-basket stood beside the table. And on a little Chinese table in a corner lay some crochet-work. I took in all these things at a glance



and while my host was talking to me. After a time he excused himself and said that he would call the "leedies." He retired, leaving me alone, and striving to picture to myself—

CHAPTER XV.—THE O'HALLORAN LADIES.—THEIR APPEARANCE.—THEIR AGES.—THEIR DRESS.—THEIR DEMEANOR.—THEIR CULTURE, POLISH, EDUCATION, RANK, STYLE, ATTAINMENTS, AND ALL ABOUT THEM.

"LEEDIES," said O'Halloran, "allow me to introjuice to ye Captain Macrorie, an officer an' a gintlemin, an' when I steet that he seewed me life about a half an hour ago, ye'll see what sintimints of gratechhood are his jew."

With these words O'Halloran entered the room, followed by two ladies whom he thus introduced, giving my name to them, but in the abstraction of the moment not mentioning their names to me.

The ladies greeted me with smiles, which at once threw a new charm over this very comfortable room, and seated themselves opposite on the other side of the fire, so that I had the best view of them possible.

And now the very first glance that I obtained of these ladies showed me that I had hit upon a wonderful piece of good luck when I went to that concert and met my new friend O'Halloran. For in beauty of face, grace of figure, refinement of manner; in every thing that affects an impressive man—and what man is not impressive?—these ladies were so far beyond all others in Quebec, that no comparison could be made. The Burton girls were nowhere.

The elder of the two might have been—no matter—not over twenty-three or four at any rate; while the younger was certainly not over eighteen or nineteen. There was a good deal of similarity in their styles; both were brunettes; both had abundance of dark, lustrous hair; both had those dark, hazel eyes which can send such a thrill to the soul of the impressive. For my part I thrilled, I glowed, I exulted, I rejoiced and triumphed in the adventure which had led to such a discovery as this. Were there any other women in Canada, in America, or in the world, equal to them? I did not believe there were. And then their voices—low—sweet—musical—voices which spoke of the exquisite refinement of perfect breeding; those voices would have been enough to make a man do or dare any thing.

Between them, however, there were some differences. The elder had an expression of good-natured content, and there was in her a

vein of fun which was manifest, while the younger seemed to have a nature which was more intense and more earnest, and there was around her a certain indefinable reserve and *hauteur*.

Which did I admire most?

I declare it's simply impossible to say. I was overwhelmed. I was crushed with equal admiration. My whole soul became instinct with the immortal sentiment—"How happy could I be with either;" while the cordiality of my reception, which made me at once a friend of this jewel of a family, caused my situation to assume so delicious an aspect that it was positively bewildering.

O'Halloran hadn't mentioned their names, but the names soon

came out. They were evidently his daughters. The name of the eldest I found was Nora, and the name of the younger was Marion. The old gentleman was lively, and gave a highly-dramatic account of the affair at the concert, in which he represented my conduct in the most glowing light. The ladies listened to all this with undisguised agitation, interrupting him frequently with anxious questions, and regarding my humble self as a sort of a hero. All this was in the highest degree encouraging to a susceptible mind; and I soon found myself sliding off into an easy, a frank, an eloquent, and a very delightful conversation. Of the two ladies, the elder Miss O'Halloran took the chief share in that lively yet intellectual intercourse. Marion only put in a word occasionally; and, though very amiable, still did not show so much cordiality as her sister. But Miss O'Halloran! what wit! what sparkle! what mirth! what fun! what repartee! what culture! what refinement! what an acquaintance with the world! what a knowledge of men and things! what a faultless accent! what indescribable grace of manner! what a generous and yet lady-like



"'Leedies,' said O'Halloran, 'allow me to introjuice to ye Captain Macrorie.'"

humor! what a merry, musical laugh! what quickness of apprehension! what acuteness of perception! what—words fail. Imagine every thing that is delightful in a first-rate conversationalist, and every thing that is fascinating in a lady, and even then you will fail to have a correct idea of Miss O'Halloran. To have such an idea it would be necessary to see her.

Marion on the other hand was quiet, as I have said. Perhaps this arose from a reticence of disposition; or perhaps it was merely the result of her position as a younger sister. Her beautiful face, with its calm, self-poised expression, was turned toward us, and she listened to all that was said, and at times a smile like a sunbeam would flash over her lovely features; but it was only at times, when a direct appeal was made to her, that she would speak, and then her words were



few, though quite to the point. I had not, therefore, a fair chance of comparing her with Miss O'Halloran.

In their accent there was not the slightest sign of that rich Leinster brogue which was so apparent in their father. This, however, may have arisen from an English mother, or an English education. Suffice it to say that in no respect could they be distinguished from English ladies, except in a certain vivacity of manner, which in the latter is not common. O'Halloran was evidently a gentleman, and his house showed that he was at least in comfortable circumstances. What his business now might be I could not tell. What his past had been was equally uncertain. Was he an exiled Young Irelander? Had he been driven from his home, or had he left it voluntarily? Whatever he was, his surroundings and his belongings showed unmistakable signs of culture and refinement; and as to his daughters, why, hang it! a peer of the realm couldn't have shown more glorious specimens of perfect womanhood than these which smiled on me in that pleasant parlor.

Meanwhile, as I flung myself headlong into a lively conversation with Miss O'Halloran, the old gentleman listened for a time and made occasional remarks, but at length relapsed into himself, and after some minutes of thought he reached out his hand and drew from among the periodicals lying on the table—

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THE DAILY PAPER.

"By the powers!" suddenly interrupted the deep voice of O'Halloran, breaking in upon our lively and delightful conversation.

At which we all started as though we had been shot.

"By the pipers!" continued O'Halloran, after some hesitation. "To think of anybody thyrin' to cross the river on the 3d! Why, that was the dee of the breek-up."

At these words I started in new astonishment, and for a moment didn't know what in the world to make of it all. As for the ladies, they didn't say a word. I didn't notice them, in fact; I had turned and was looking at O'Halloran.

"See here," said he. "Did you ever hear the loikes of this? 'Paul Verrier of Chaudière left his home on the 3d of Expril last, to conee a leddy to Quebec across the oice;' and he read straight through the very advertisement which I had written and inserted in that very paper."

What my emotions were at that moment it is difficult to describe. At first I felt surprise, then I experienced a sense of triumph at this striking proof of the success which my advertisement had met with, but finally I had occasion to feel emotions which were very different from either of these. I had turned as O'Halloran began to read those familiar words, and, after he had finished I mechanically settled myself into my former position, partly because of the comfort of the thing, and partly to see how perfectly impartial hearers like these ladies would listen to this composition of mine. My chief feeling was precisely the same as animates the artist who stands *incognito* beside his picture, to listen to the remarks of spectators; or the author who hunts through papers to read the criticism on his first book. This, it is true, was neither a picture nor a book, nor was I either an artist or an author, yet, after all, this advertisement was a literary effort of mine, and, what is more, it was the first one that had appeared in print. Was it any wonder, then, that for these reasons I felt curious to see the effect of that advertisement?

Now, as I turned, I was in expectation of some sign of feeling on the part of the ladies—call it surprise; call it sympathy; call it what you will—but I certainly was not prepared for that very peculiar and very marked effect which my humble effort at composition produced on them.

For there they sat—Marion erect and rigid, with her eyes fixed on her sister, and her hand raised in an attitude of warning; and Miss O'Halloran in the same fixed attitude, looked eagerly at Marion, her eyes wide open, her lips parted, and one of her hands also half raised in the involuntary expression of amazement, or the mechanical suggestion of secrecy. Miss O'Halloran's emotion was not so strong as that of Marion, but then her nature was more placid, and the attitude of each was in full accordance with their respective characters.

They sat there in that attitude, altogether unconscious of me and of my gaze, with deep emotion visible on their faces, and unmistakable, yet why that emotion should be caused by that advertisement I could not for the life of me imagine.

"Well," said O'Halloran, "what do ye think of that now? Isn't that a spicimin of thrue Canajin grade? The man threw his loife away for a few pince."

As O'Halloran spoke, the ladies recovered their presence of mind. They started. Miss O'Halloran saw my eyes fixed on her, flushed up a little, and looked away. As for Marion, she too saw my look, but, instead of turning her eyes away, she fixed them on me for an instant with a strange and most intense gaze, which seemed to spring from her dark, solemn, lustrous eyes, and pierce me through and through. But it was only for an instant. Then her eyes fell, and there remained not a trace of their past excitement in either of them.

I confess I was utterly confounded at this. These two ladies perceived in that advertisement of mine a certain meaning which showed that they must have some idea of the cause of the fate of the imaginary Verrier. And what was this that they knew; and how much did they know? Was it possible that they could know the lady herself? It seemed probable.

The idea filled me with intense excitement, and made me determine here on the spot, and at once, to pursue my search after the unknown lady. But how? One way alone seemed possible, and that was by telling a simple, unvarnished tale of my own actual adventure.

This decision I reached in little more than a minute, and, before either of the ladies had made a reply to O'Halloran's last remark, I answered him in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"Oh," I said, "I can tell you all about that."

"You!" cried O'Halloran.

"You!" cried Miss O'Halloran.

"You!" cried Marion, and she and her sister fixed their eyes upon me with unmistakable excitement, and seemed to anticipate all that I might be going to say.

This, of course, was all the more favorable to my design, and, seeing such immediate success, I went on headlong.

"You see," said I, "I put that notice in myself."

"O'Halloran,  
Miss O'Halloran,  
Marion,

this time in greater surprise than before.

"Yes," said I. "I did it because I was very anxious to trace some one, and this appeared to be the way that was at once the most certain, and at the same time the least likely to excite suspicion."

"Suspicion?"

"Yes—for the one whom I wished to trace was a lady."

"A lady!" said O'Halloran. "Aha! you rogue, so that's what ye'er up to, is it? An' there isn't a word of truth in this about Verrier?"

"Yes, there is," said I. "He was really drowned, but I don't know his name, and Paul Verrier, and the disconsolate father, Pierre, are altogether imaginary names. But I'll tell you all about it."

"Be dad, an' I'd be glad if ye would, for this exorjium strikes me as the most schupindous bit of schamin that I've encountered for a month of Sundays."

While I was saying this, the ladies did not utter a single syllable. But if they were silent, it was not from want of interest. Their eyes were fixed on mine as though they were bound to me by some powerful spell; their lips parted, and, in their intense eagerness to hear what it was that I had to say, they did not pretend to conceal their feelings. Miss O'Halloran was seated in an arm-chair. Her left arm leaned upon it, and her hand mechanically pressed her forehead as she devoured me with her gaze. Marion was seated on a common chair, and sat with one elbow on the table, her hands clasped tight, her body thrown slightly forward, and her eyes fixed on mine with an intensity of gaze that was really embarrassing.

And now all this convinced me that they must know all about it, and emboldened me to go on. Now was the time, I felt, to press my search—now or never.

So I went on—

"Continere omnes, intentique ora tenebant  
Inde toro Sandy Macrorie ele oreus ab alto:  
Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

That's about it. Rather a hackneyed quotation, of course, but a

fellow like me isn't supposed to know much about Latin, and it is uncommonly appropriate. And, I tell you what it is, since *Aeneas* entertained Dido on that memorable occasion, few fellows have had such an audience as that which gathered round me, as I sat in that hospitable parlor, and told about my adventure on the ice.

Such an audience was enough to stimulate any man. I felt the stimulus. I'm not generally considered fluent, or good at description, and I'm not much of a talker; but all that I ever lacked on ordinary occasions I made amends for on that evening. I began at the beginning, from the time I was ordered off. Then I led my spellbound audience over the crumbling ice, till the sleigh came. Then I indulged in a thrilling description of the runaway horse and the lost driver. Then I portrayed the lady floating in a sleigh, and my rescue of her. Of course, for manifest reasons, which every gentleman will appreciate, I didn't bring myself forward more prominently than I could help. Then followed that journey over the ice, the passage of the ice-ridge, the long, interminable march, the fainting lady, the broad channel near the shore, the white gleam of the ice-cone at Montmorency, my wild leap, and my mad dash up the bank to the Frenchman's house.

Up to this moment my audience sat, as I have before remarked, I think, simply spellbound. O'Halloran was on one side of me, with his chin on his breast, and his eyes glaring at me from beneath his bushy eyebrows. Marion sat rigid and motionless, with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed on the floor. Miss O'Halloran never took her eyes off my face, but kept them on mine as though they were riveted there. At times she started nervously, and shifted her position, and fidgeted in her chair, but never did she remove her eyes. Once, when I came to the time when I led my companion over the ice-ridge, I saw a shudder pass through her. Once again, when I came to that moment when my companion fainted, Marion gave a kind of gasp, and I saw Miss O'Halloran reach out her hand, and clasp the clinched hands of her sister; but with these exceptions there was no variation in their attitude or manner.

And now I tuned my harp to a lighter strain, which means that I proceeded to give an account of my journey after the doctor, his start, my slumbers, my own start, our meeting, the doctor's wrath, my persuasions, our journey, our troubles, our arrival at the house, our final crushing disappointment, the doctor's brutal raillery, my own meekness, and our final return home. Then, without mentioning Jack Randolph, I explained the object of the advertisement—

"Sic Sandy Macrorie, intentis omnibus, unus  
Fata renarrabat Divum, cursusque docebat,  
Conticuit tandem—"

[Hack Latin, of course, but then, you know, if one does quote Latin, that is the only sort that can be understood by the general reader.]

The conclusion of my story produced a marked effect. O'Halloran roused himself, and sat erect with a smile on his face and a good-natured twinkle in his eyes. Miss O'Halloran lowered her eyes and held down her head, and once, when I reached that point in my story where the bird was flown, she absolutely laughed out. Marion's solemn and beautiful face also underwent a change. A softer expression came over it; she raised her eyes and fixed them with burning intensity on mine, her hands relaxed the rigid clasp with which they had held one another, and she settled herself into an easier position in her chair.

"Well, be jakers!" exclaimed old Halloran when I had concluded, "it bates the wuruld. What a lucky dog ye are! Adventures come tumblin' upon ye dee ather dee. But will ye ivir foind the lee-dee?"

I shook my head.

"I'm afraid not," said I, disconsolately. "I put out that advertisement with a faint hope that the lady's sympathy with the unfortunate driver might lead her to make herself known."

At this point the ladies rose. It was getting late, and they bade adieu and retired. Marion went out rather abruptly, Miss O'Halloran rather slowly, and not without a final smile of bewitching sweetness. I was going too, but O'Halloran would not think of it. He declared that the evening was just begun. Now that the ladies were gone we would have the field to ourselves. He assured me that I had nothing in particular to do, and might easily wait and join him in "somethin' warrum."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A FOOL'S WEDDING.

AT the beginning of the year 1740, the Russian court was busy with the preparations for a strange wedding which the Empress Anna had taken a fancy to have celebrated purely for her own amusement and that of the courtiers.

The bridegroom of this fantastic ceremony was the court fool, Prince Solozyn, a man of fifty, who was to be married to a woman in the service of the empress. A committee was appointed to make the arrangements for the festivities, which were to take place—in part at least—in a house which, together with its furniture, was constructed entirely of ice from the Neva, and was built on the bank of the river near the imperial palace. The columns supporting the roof, the windows, and the ornaments, were all of ice, and were to be lighted on the wedding-night with party-colored lanterns.

It was arranged that the bridal pair, at the head of a procession formed of the representatives of the various Northern races, each in his peculiar costume, riding on or drawn by horses, reindeers, dogs, and even hogs and goats, should pass through the principal streets of the capital to the palace of the imperial favorite, Biren, where the wedding-feast was to be served in the presence of the empress and the whole court.

Then, at twilight, the procession was to form again, and turn toward the Neva. The bridal pair were to be led into their chamber of ice, guards were to be stationed before the doors to prevent their escaping before morning, and, for the amusement of the court and the people, the house and its surroundings were to be lighted with innumerable Chinese lanterns.

Among the principal members of the committee appointed to set these singular wedding-festivities into scenes was Count Wolinski, one of the principal favorites of the empress. In the eighteenth century the aid of the Muses was called into requisition on all festive occasions. Wolinski, therefore, a few days before the time fixed for the wedding, sent for the secretary of the Academy, Tredjakowski, intending to commission him with the writing of the necessary poem for the approaching celebration.

The officer who bore the message did not condescend to tell the poor poet what was wanted of him, but roughly ordered him to follow in the name of the formidable count, who was justly dreaded for his arrogance and cruelty. It was not till they were well on their way that he deigned to tell the terrified poet that he was wanted at the ice-house on the Neva, and not at the palace of the minister. The secretary reproached the officer for having uselessly terrified him; the officer answered in an abusive tone, and, when they arrived in the presence of Wolinski, they were engaged in an angry altercation.

Tredjakowski approached his excellency with becoming respect, but lost no time in complaining of the conduct of his messenger. Without even listening to the charge, Wolinski dealt the secretary a couple of severe blows in the face, and then told the officer to take vengeance on his unarmed accuser. The officer was not slow in obeying. Hundreds of people witnessed this brutality, but not one dared interpose. When this barbarous scene came to an end, Wolinski informed the secretary that he was to write and deliver a poem on the occasion of the coming wedding.

Tredjakowski was then allowed to return home. What followed we will relate in his own words, extracted from the account of the affair which he presented to the Academy.

"I returned home," he says, "wrote the verses demanded, thought of the ill-treatment I had received, and determined to go on the following morning to his grace the duke (Biren) and complain of his excellency (Wolinski). Accordingly, on the following day, I drove to the ducal palace in full dress, with hat and sword. I had hardly arrived when, to my consternation, in came his excellency. He asked what brought me there, and, as I was silent, he began again to beat me, and, seizing me by the throat, he handed me over to the sergeant on duty, commanding him to take me to the headquarters of the wedding-committee. I was soon followed by his excellency, who took my hat and sword from me, and commanded me to be whipped on the bare back. I received seventy blows. His excellency then renewed his opprobrious epithets, and questioned me again. I was too much exhausted and bewildered to reply or even to understand. By his excellency's command, I was again thrown to the ground, and again whipped. This time I received thirty blows. I was now removed in

a state of insensibility to an adjoining apartment, and guarded until the evening of the following day."

On the morning of the 6th of February, 1740, the entire population of St. Petersburg were on their feet to see the procession that opened the festivities of the "Fool's Marriage" as it marched through the streets. At the banquet, at which the empress herself presided, the unfortunate poet appeared and read his verses, after which he was conducted back to his improvised prison by the guard, where he was detained until the following morning, when he was again brought before Wolinski. More dead than alive, he threw himself at the feet of the count and begged for mercy. For reply he received ten additional blows with a cane, then his hat and sword were given to him, and he was at liberty to go home.

Tredjakowski reached home covered with blood. One of the results of the brutal treatment he had received was the loss of an eye; but the results to Wolinski were destined to be still more serious.

Artemy Petrowitsch Wolinski, born in the year 1682, was of an old Russian noble family that ranked as one of the first in the empire. He was early given a position in the body-guard of Peter the Great, where he had abundant opportunity to become acquainted with the emperor and his policy. He belonged to the progressive school, of which the emperor was the brightest ornament.

His talents soon led to his promotion. In 1715 he was appointed ambassador to Persia, with the military rank of colonel, and in 1718 he was adjutant-general and governor of the province of Astrakhan, whose people he plundered and oppressed without mercy.

After Catharine I. ascended the throne, Wolinski was appointed to the governorship of Kazan, with the rank of major-general. His administration here differed from that in Astrakhan only in the greater boldness of his robberies and the greater frequency of his cruelties.

Under the Empress Anna he used every means in his power to get a position at court, and was eventually successful. In May, 1732, he received the place of equerry. This gave him abundant opportunity to cultivate friendly relations with Biren, the all-powerful favorite of the empress, who finally made him general-in-chief in January, 1735.

Like most people who are in ill-health, the empress was very capricious. New amusements had to be continually devised for her, one of which was the "Fool's Marriage," in the arrangement of which Count Wolinski—who by this time had been appointed to a position in the cabinet—took, as we have seen, an important part.

We left Tredjakowski at the moment when, covered with blood and with the loss of an eye, he had regained his liberty. He immediately addressed a memorial to the Academy, which brought the facts concerning the ill-treatment he had received at the hands of Wolinski to the knowledge of that minister's enemies. He next appealed directly to the empress herself for satisfaction. As nothing further came of the affair for the moment, Wolinski had good reason to think it would soon be forgotten.

The favorable termination of the Turkish war was the theme that just at this time occupied the public mind to the exclusion of every thing else, and all were busy with preparations for celebrating it with becoming solemnities. This, however, was but a transient lull that delayed for only a few weeks the storm that was gathering to burst upon the cruel favorite.

Wolinski had many enemies, who incensed the all-powerful Biren against him by representing that the attack on the secretary in his palace was a personal affront and an outrage upon his ducal dignity. This led to Wolinski's using language to Biren, in an unguarded moment, that was highly insulting. The duke resolved to destroy the man who dared to defy him, and determined that he should expiate the outrage with his blood.

He presented a long list of accusations against Wolinski to the empress, and demanded that she should decide between them.

"Either he or I must fall," said Biren; and from this resolve he could not be moved.

This sealed the fate of Wolinski. From this moment he was a doomed man.

One of the principal charges against the minister related to the incident that occurred between him and the secretary of the Academy in the ducal palace. The empress begged that she might be allowed time to consider before deciding in so important a matter, but Biren threw himself on his knees and again repeated that either he or Wolinski must fall. He even threatened to leave St. Petersburg. This decided the matter.

Wolinski was forbidden to appear at court, and soon afterward was placed under arrest in his own palace.

A commission was appointed to examine the charges against the minister. After the first hearing he was himself convinced that he was lost. To the charges already brought against him his enemies added that of high-treason and conspiracy. He was first conveyed to the prison of the admiralty, but was soon after removed to the fortress. As he denied the accusations, he was put to the rack, and after the torture he received eight blows with the knout, which were so well laid on that he lost the use of his right arm in consequence of them, and was no longer able to sign the protocols.

The sentence of the court was terrible. It was that Wolinski should have his tongue torn out, and then be impaled alive; that his accomplices should be beheaded and quartered; that his three children should be banished to Siberia; and that his estates should be confiscated.

The empress hesitated to sign the death-warrant. Again Biren repeated his terrible "Either he or I!" With tears in her eyes Anna finally acceded to the duke's demands; she, however, lessened the severity of the death-sentence.

On the morning of June 27, 1740, Wolinski, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, ascended the scaffold. His right hand was first cut off, and then he was beheaded. Two of his alleged accomplices were also beheaded, and a certain Count Mussin-Puschkin had a piece of his tongue cut off.

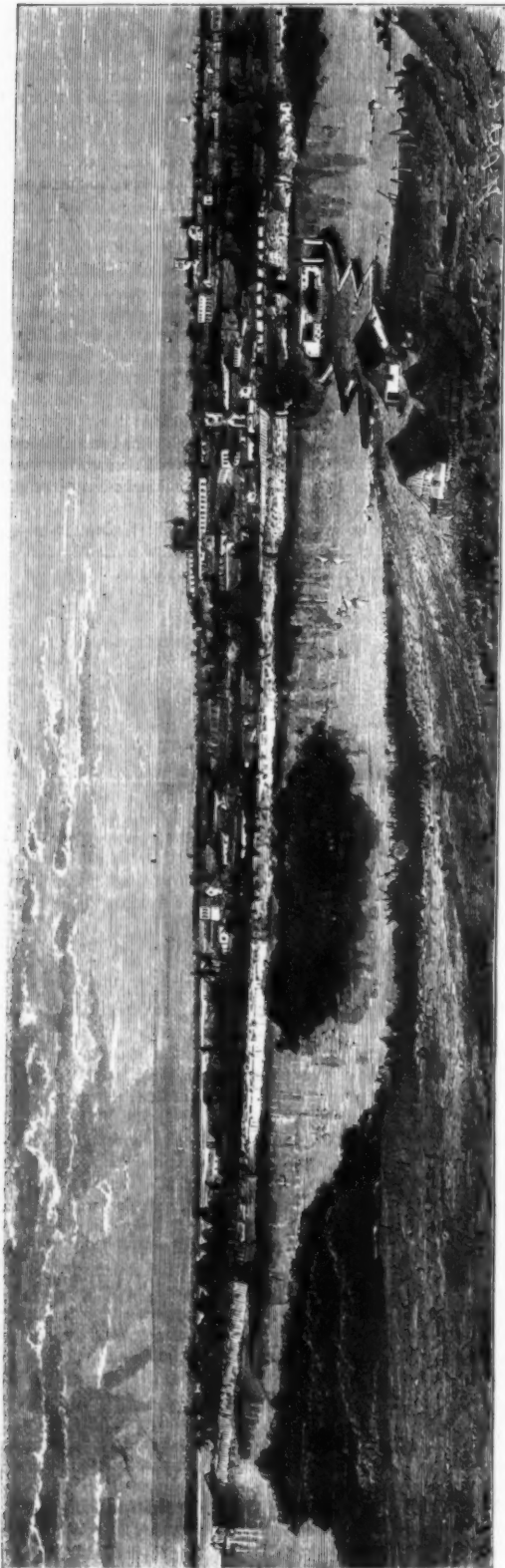
Such were the tragic consequences of "A Fool's Wedding."

## CARTHAGENA IN COLOMBIA.

IT was in the month of January, and just at sunset, that I first saw South America, as I looked out languidly from the miserable berth of a dirty steamer, where my husband and I had been suffering severely from sea-sickness, during two apparently interminable days and nights from Aspinwall. I had not been able to raise my head from the small, hard, odorous pillow, until tidings of Carthage just ahead stimulated me to peep through the small, round window of the state-room. I beheld the greenest of shores, palm-crowned on the one side, and on the other the sea-line, terminating at the feet of the white-walled city of our destination. This lovely glimpse strengthened me to give consent, for the first time, to those who had volunteered to take me up bodily, and carry me upon deck, and who had assured me that I should recover at once in the invigorating breeze outside. The dreaded effort once over, and fairly settled on deck, lying wearily back in my ship-chair, it was with a delicious feeling of convalescence that I looked on that tropical sunset. The tranquil sea, the palm-fringed shore, the stately and graceful figures of the cocoas against the reddening west; and, on the other hand, the phantom-like towers of the old town rising behind its coral walls, its imposing fortresses, and convent-crowned Pops—all the details of the scene, associated with the romance of our journey, in search of some "Spanish possessions," hidden somewhere in the bosom of those forests, seemed, in the languor of my condition, a bewitching dream. We had had strange pictures in our minds of the city we were approaching; fever-haunted streets, a miserable population, and utter discomfort, had been promised in all the descriptions we had read of it. These shores, too, which smiled upon us in the fulness of tropical splendor, we had been taught were "reeking with pestilential vapors." It was impossible to believe these unwholesome teachings, with that benignant scene before us, and we thought with commiseration of you, dear Northern friends, whom we had left but two weeks before in the midst of an old-fashioned winter. We shrank from the very memory of your bracing winds and healthy snows; the breeze which scarcely filled the dingy sails of our steamer was strong enough for us, and we wondered who could dare utter harsh things of a climate so seductive, so intoxicating, in its first breath.

Thus luxuriating, we did not note that we had passed the city, and were leaving it behind, until our jolly little captain came to tell us that we should not land until morning. The old harbor of Boca Grande having been a long time ago filled up by the Spaniards, it is necessary to make the circuit of the island of Tierra Bomba, some thirty miles, to Boca Chica, the present entrance to the town. So, under the fleeting twilight, and the long, still night, we floated lazily on our course, the morning finding us anchored in the harbor, about a mile





THE CITY OF CARTHAGENA IN COLOMBIA.

from the shore. Almost any harbor would have looked enticing to us after the rough experience of forty-eight hours' buffeting against the trade-winds on an English freight-steamer intolerably dirty. How lovely, then, was that morning-picture of Cartagena! What comfort was promised within those picturesque walls!

A canoe lay alongside, waiting to convey passengers to the city. We were apparently all, the rest of our fellow-voyagers being bound for St. Thomas. A momentary dilemma, as to how we should communicate with the boatmen—for we were unused to the Spanish of either Castile or Colombia—was removed by the appearance of a young Creole in the cabin, who smilingly addressed us, in Spanish-English, with "Do you go to stop in Cartagena?"

We told him that we intended to stop there.

"A canoa you have?"

We answered that we had not engaged the canoe, when he immediately disappeared, returning in a few moments, and, with a polite gesture, saying:

"Is ready the canoa."

What traveller who has been landed in a strange country, amid the jargon of a new tongue, does not know how agreeable it is to be assisted out of conversational difficulties by some one who can speak a little English, and who is thus able to relieve one of all responsibility in the weighty matters of getting one's self and one's luggage safely transported to an hotel?

So it was with a feeling of gratitude that we followed our new acquaintance to the deck, and down the swinging stairs into the "canoa," when we were pushed off, and rowed ashore, by a tawny, muscular native, minus a shirt, wearing only a pair of trousers and a broad-rimmed Panama hat.

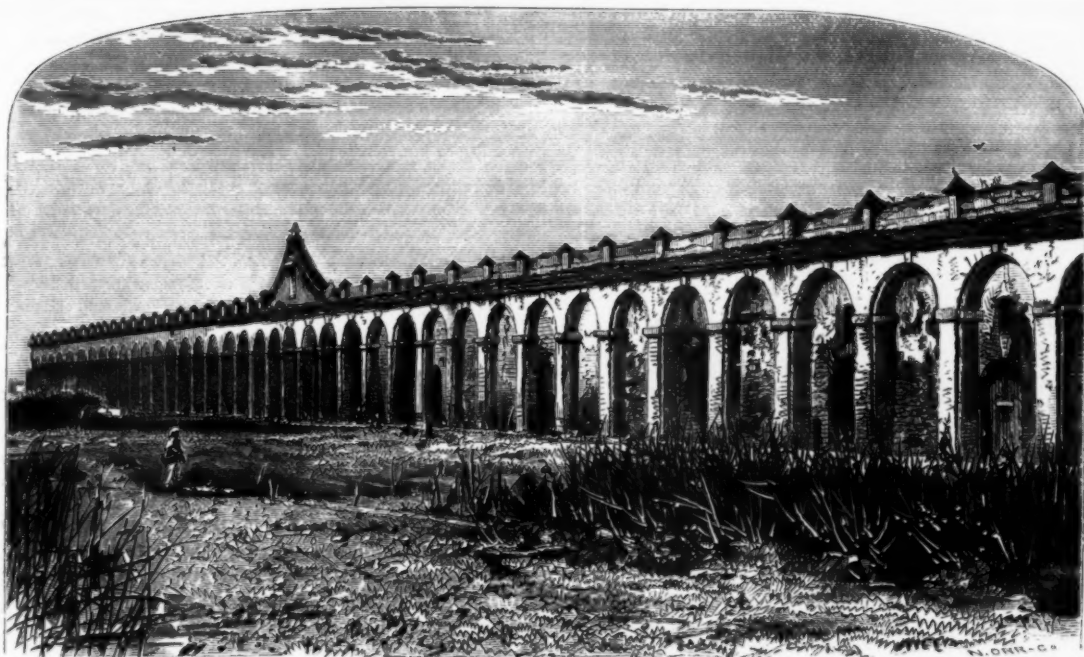
The superb architectural effects as we approach the city, its splendid walls, in perfect preservation, do not prepare one for the primitive style of landing, where there is neither wharf nor pier; and, when one is landed on the sandy shore, let him not look for carriages, stages, or cars—not one of these luxuries will await him; they are reserved for cities of more effeminate civilization. Here let him only ask a *carreta*, a sort of two-wheeled cart, and, after a half-hour or more, he may have the comfort of seeing his luggage precede him through the gates, drawn by a single donkey, while the traveller himself, with whatever family he may have, must trudge on behind, no matter how far, to the hotel.

How strange these still streets, after the noisy activity of Northern cities! No din of a myriad vehicles, only the slow racking over the stones of the one in advance of you; no cries of morning papers; no hurry-scurry of men and women who have work to do—only a few people, of various shades of color, loitering along under the hot sun, or an occasional countryman perched cross-legged on a very high pile of vegetables, under which waddles a very small donkey, the latter frequently lifting up his pathetic voice in a sonorous wail, which dies on the still air in heart-broken sobs.

The streets are clean, and paved with coral, and the side-walks, too, are covered with the small designs of those fairy workmen who build islands and furnish material for walled cities. The houses are of the same material, and kept white by the constant bleaching of rain and sun. These are picturesque, with their steep-tiled roofs, blue or green balconies, and balustraded windows.

The strange, silent city fascinates by its novelty. No greater contrast can well be imagined than between our metropolis, with its myriad appliances of civilized art, and this sleepy old town, with its primitive life. Instead of the whirring steam-machinery, whose vast results find their way to every corner of a country whose demands seem never supplied, one sees here, with wonder, a representative illustration of the primitive character of this people in the workman slowly turning balusters and table-legs on a lathe which he moves with his foot. No building is seen going on; for Cartagena is a finished city, and I could believe that she has been for hundreds of years in the same perfect condition.

The Hotel Bolivar, the only one in the town of any importance, is kept by a Jamaica negro, who divides his time between his guests and his easel, being an artist, and a student of the old Spanish school of painting. His productions would surprise those who believe a negro capable of no higher art than a barber's. His compositions betray both religious and poetical sentiment, whatever may be said of his execution, which, to my uncritical eye, had a sufficient merit to afford a genuine pleasure. The entrance to the hotel, like that of all other



THE CITY WALL FROM THE INSIDE.

houses here, reminds one of those of Paris. The court into which you pass, before ascending to the *entresol*, where are the parlors and other public rooms, is occupied with baggage-donkeys, goats, and trumpery. In the courts of many of the private houses I saw beautiful flowers, trees, and sometimes fountains. The staircases and all the floors are of brick, except those of the old palaces and the better class of houses, where they are of marble; either of these are agreeable in the hot climate, and the custom of wetting them during the day freshens and cools the air. The windows open on broad balconies over the street, where the inmates of the house sit after four o'clock in the afternoon. Up to that hour every house is closely shut, and no appearance indicates the life within. The furniture of the Bolivar was of the plainest kind, and only enough in quantity for absolute necessity.

The *sala*, or parlor, an immense room, contained only a few cane-bottomed chairs, an old sofa, a centre-table, and, on one side of the room, the tinajas; the wall-decorations consisting of a few colored prints of the generals distinguished in the periodical revolutions of the country. The tinajas are large jars for water, set in stone niches. They are of porous earthenware, and used for the evaporation of the water, the only means of increasing its coolness in a country where ice is an almost

unheard-of luxury. During the dry season, nearly all the water used is from cisterns in which it is collected at the time of the rains, and to those who have no cisterns the precious element is sold by the keg at a small price, the kegs brought through the streets slung over the back of the inevitable donkey.

Our first breakfast in New Granada was an event of as much importance to us, perhaps, as any other of our sojourn; for, first, we were nearly famished and fainting, from long fast and sea-sickness; and, secondly, the Granadan style of fare was still untried (we had heard of monkey-soup and such luxuries); and, thirdly, we then took our first lesson in the helpless, hopeless waiting to which every traveller must be educated, who has intercourse with those peculiar people. We ordered something to eat at once, no matter how simple, so it should be brought immediately. "*Si, Señora*, in a moment;" and we waited and drooped three mortal hours for that moment to

drag its slow length along, not, however, without repeated efforts on our part to urge matters, which were always answered by the tranquil "*poco tiempo*," or the more emphatic "*now*," which we found, through this and many subsequent experiences, to mean any time within twenty-four hours. The meal, when it came, was exceedingly satisfactory, though not so elaborate



PALACE OF THE INQUISITION.



THE CATHEDRAL.

rate as we might have reasonably expected, nor so extraordinary in character as we had vaguely feared—only some fresh eggs, Spanish rolls, fried plantains, some delicate fish, that looked like gold-fish, and delicious coffee; the table laid in a balcony, ornamented and odorous with roses, cacti, and many strange plants.

Our room was very large and very lofty, so much so as to defy my scrutinizing search for bats and scorpions; they might be secreted in the shadows of those remote rafters, for all that I could see, and would they not come down in the darkness to devour us? A hammock swung across the middle of the room, held by long ropes, tied to stout iron staples, which are a part of the finishing of every house. The walls were bright with the productions of our artist host: fancy-colored nets, fringed and draped, enclosed the cots; and gay Indian mats of straw relieved the sombre brick floor; altogether, there was an idea of comfort and coolness in the absence of furniture, three chairs and a large table sufficing in this palatial apartment.

The stiff-looking cots did not, however, appeal to one's sense of comfort, each furnished with its one calico sheet, and small pillow, stuffed with cotton, too small to suggest repose for a tired head. Luckily we had been forewarned of these peculiar accommodations, and pillows from our own trunks modified the ungraciousness of those novel beds; but, alas! the futile attempt to rest, or to adapt one's corporeity to a perfectly unyielding and inelastic surface like a drum-head! What wants we create by our refined civilization! and how soon we learn the small value of our luxuries, after an experience of privation! The cot, so unendurable at first, became to me a refinement of comfort before I left the tropics, and the curled hair and steel spirals, on our return home, were intolerable.

The hammock, too! how shall I sing its praises? My easy-chair and my couch in those fervid days! From the time that I first stretched myself awkwardly in its folds, this delicious promoter of coolness and rest, and of dreaming fancies, has been my delight.

An old Jamaica-woman, who could speak Spanish, French, English, and a little Italian, and whose drowsy, alipshod gait would have

fretted me out of tune under the influence of a more bracing climate, served us in our room. Poor Antonia! I learned to reverence her patient ways; indeed, the *ad-libitum-cantabile* movement becomes not only tolerable, but contagious, in low latitudes; and Antonia was so cheerful, so old, but so useful. I even dreamed, at one time, of transplanting her to my hill-side home on the Hudson, and of giving her the wages of Bridget, instead of the miserable four "soft dollars" a month for which she toiled so unceasingly; but a shivering thought of the snows she had never seen or felt, prevented my suggesting it. From her I copied my first utterances in Spanish; it was she who allayed my constant, tormenting fears of scorpions, centipedes, and vampires, for the time, though she always added, "There are plenty in the mountain," meaning the interior, where we were going. She had never been to "the mountain," but that remote and mysterious region stood in her mind for the home of all wonders and horrors, as well as luxury and plenty. The largest and finest of mats, and the best of all native productions, were to be found "yonder, in the mountain." The *dulces* and the wonderful tropical fruits she brought with the same declaration—"Oh, you'll find plenty yonder in the mountain," giving her head an expressive nod toward the south, and lingering, with a reverential emphasis, on the consonants, till at last that mysterious "yonder" became, in my own mind, invested with a sort of supernatural interest. The Paradise of all that is beautiful and wonderful and new—was it not up the Linn—our glorious "yonder?"

What a delight to the senses are these strange fruits! Many of them curiously beautiful in form and color, possessing a delicate aromatic odor, and a delicious surprise for the palate. The *mamey*, a large, apple-shaped fruit, covered with a thin, rough skin of clear light brown, when cut open shows a fine beaded pulp, the color of pink coral, at the heart of which lie two shining black seeds, each as large as an almond, and cleft at the side, as if bursting with the germ of a new plant. The *caimito*, or star-apple, with a pulp of mottled purple and white; the *mamos*, a green plum growing in heavy clusters, with a thick, brittle skin, which snaps under a gentle pressure, yielding a juicy mass the color of a peach-blossom, of delicious flavor, and melting in the mouth in perfect juiciness. Another, of which I must speak, is a queer leguminous fruit, called by the natives the *guamá*—a large pod sometimes two feet in length, containing its complement of what looks like a row of cotton-balls, but which, after the first fibrous sensation on the tongue, dissolves into unmixed sweetness. But I will not attempt further description of these fruits, new and wonderful though they are, for their name is legion.

Carthagená was founded in 1533. It has been twice destroyed by fire, and, though it has since suffered many sieges, it is in a remarkable state of preservation. "As a fortress," says Mosquera, "it ranks among the first in the New World." The houses are built with great solidity; and the churches, convents, and monasteries, which are numerous, were originally designed by their strength as places of refuge in time of attack. Some of these public buildings are magnificent in architecture. The old church of San Juan de Dios is extremely picturesque.

The wonderful walls of the city are still perfect; they are said to have cost fifty million dollars in gold—the labor performed by slaves, ten thousand of whom perished in the work under their Spanish masters. It is curious now to see the mixed descendants of these Africans and native Indians, almost making up the society of New Granada, elbowing the few remaining Spaniards, and holding the political power. Slavery was abolished in 1821, and to-day there seems to be no remnant of slavish sentiment. These free-born citizens are no respecters of color or condition; they meet one with the self-sustained manner of independent freemen, with an added touch of graceful courtesy quite superior to their style of dress and living. It was a surprise, to say the least, the first time a brown-skinned, shirtless, and coatless individual, holding his *sombrero* in one hand, offered me the other for a friendly shake, with the utmost ease, apparently unconscious that the amount of nudity which he presented could be any barrier to a familiar salutation. There is, indeed, a gracefulness of bearing, among all classes of society, which our more favored countrymen might do well to imitate. These people are said, also, to possess a fine heroism. Under a terrific siege, that of 1815 by the Spaniards, they yielded only when compelled by famine. Carthagená was the first city to proclaim independence.

The religious superstitions taught by the Spanish fathers seem to have become a part of their nature. While they speak with contempt



and horror of the Jesuits, they tell with utter conviction and reverence, how the virgin Candelaria, the patron saint of Carthagena, came forth miraculously from a hollow rock, and, mounted on a war-horse, led the people in time of a siege until the city was delivered. Once a year a feast is celebrated in honor of the mysterious virgin, when crowds of people go up to the hollow rock, which is half-way up the hill Popa, carrying small crosses of twigs as offerings.

The late President of the State of Bolivar, a native, and a man of some culture, says he is a heretic, the natural rebound from a strain of fanaticism to which he was subjected in his youth, his father being an earnest devotee to the prevailing faith. The absurdity of the various legends, which form so important a part of that religion, affected him intensely, doing a violence to his judgment which resulted in a complete shipwreck of faith. One of the miracles which he related to me is of the image in the church of San Domingo. The church was built with a niche for a statue of the saint, which had to be procured. One morning three monks were walking by the sea-side conversing upon the desired statue, when they came upon a rough log lying in their path, "Ah," said one, "here is a piece of wood the right length for the niche, it is sent by God for it;" whereupon another measured it and found it far too short, and they left it. A few days later they all walked that way again, and, coming upon the log, they discovered that it had grown longer; and, measuring it, found it the exact number of feet desired! This was indeed a miracle, and must be accepted. Then they decided, by lot, on the one of their number who should be the artist; he was accordingly locked in a room, with no window but a remote skylight, with the miraculous log, and tools for his labor, there to wait and work out the inspiration of God, in a likeness of the saint. His meals were sent to him through an aperture in the iron door, that he might escape all interruption from the outer world. After some weeks, the sound of the chisel ceased, and the food was no longer received by the artist. The door was unbarred and opened, when lo! the finely-cut statue finished and perfect, but the artist gone! Where? Flown through the skylight to heaven! for he was never seen afterward. The Church of San Domingo is now used as barracks for soldiers by an irreverent government, which has appropriated all the convents and monasteries of the city. We visited, through the politeness of the president, the recently-vacated Convent of Santa Maria—an immense building in form of a hollow square, with high balconies around the enclosure which was once a garden, now a tangle of flowers and fruit-trees. The apartments were seeming prisons, only one small window in each, and that at least twelve feet from the floor, so that no nun could by any possibility have a glimpse of the wicked world. There were the stocks used for refractory sisters, and bearing unmistakable signs of having seen much service. But a more terrible means of increasing their religious fervor was a small dungeon under a flight of stone stairs, with an opening just large enough to force the victim through, and which was closed by an iron shutter, barred and locked, admitting light and air through small perforations in the form of a cross.

The chapel with its faded finery is still used on holidays, but the convent as it appears to-day, a haunt for bats and turkey-buzzards, does not suggest an idea of processions of Cecílias singing soft matins in the long corridors. Only the hideous features of convent-life strike the imagination. The Inquisition is now used as residences for families. The spot, in the square of the palaces, was pointed out to us, where were burned instruments of torture. Everywhere were tokens of a gloomy religion, in relics or superstitious customs. At the first dawning, and often before the dawn, the women go to their matins in the churches, in the conventional suit of black, and veiled; there they kneel sometimes for an hour on the stone floors, doing penance perhaps, as I have seen them, by holding their arms straight above their heads, till a looker-on grows faint from sympathy.

The cathedral, which is the most august of the

churches, contains a deserted and dilapidated-looking choir, built in the fashion of that of Notre-Dame, in Paris, and numerous shrines, which are wonderfully like doll-shows, with their papier-maché Virgins, tricked out in cheap artificial flowers and tinsel. They were all about the same thing, though each was concealed carefully by a curtain, which a priest reverently drew aside, as if revealing the most sacred of treasures. The only altar of any beauty was a structure of Italian marbles of various colors, sent from Italy, and was a gift from the father of the heretical president. The music in these churches is of the most cruel kind, doing painful violence to one's respect for the art.

It is a relief to turn from the religious features of the country, so obtrusively prominent and so repulsive, to the free, abounding beauty and wealth of Nature. A morning ride on the back of an easy-going horse to the top of La Popa, was a delightful sensation.

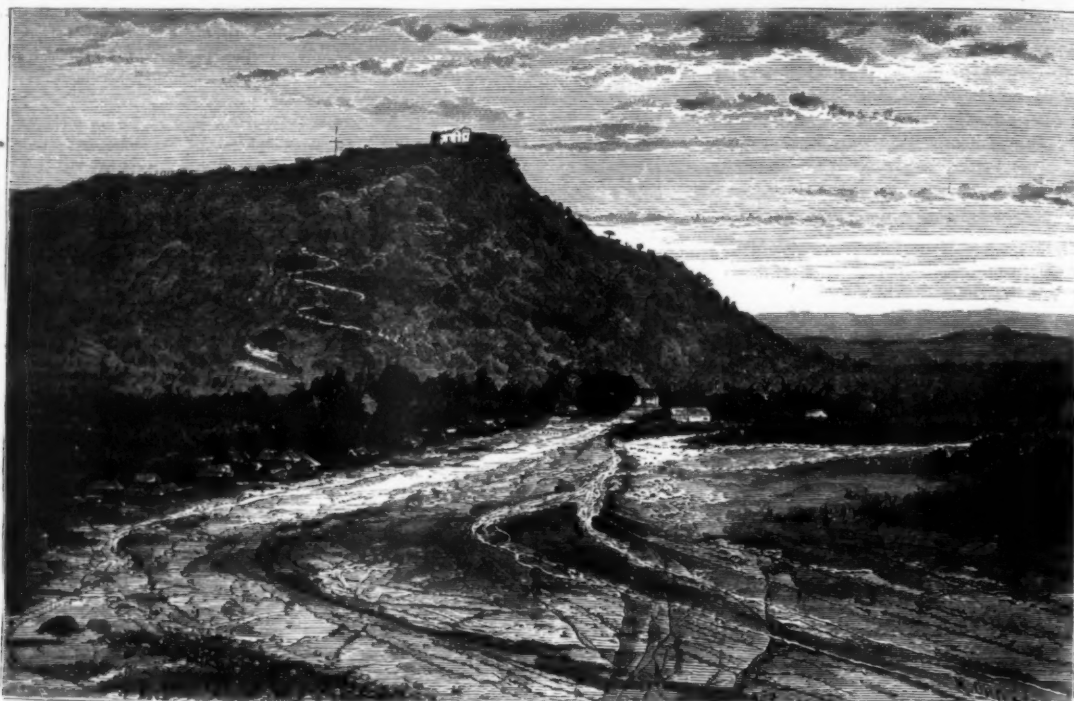
Out beyond the walls, we galloped across the market-place and through the suburb of Jimani; then over a military bridge, crossing a quiet lagoon, until we came to a suburb of thatched houses, the walls of plaster, the roofs of palm. I looked at these queer little abodes with curiosity, knowing that, in one like these, I should spend my days and nights "yonder in the mountain."

Our bridle-path was overhung with the rich foliage and blossoms of the *tierra caliente*, so rich that we could fancy ourselves riding through an endless green-house. Up, up we climbed, almost perpendicularly a part of the way, to the old convent, now a ruin, which is on the summit of the hill, five hundred feet above the city. The old building, like the others, is in the form of a hollow square, balconies on solid arches overlooking the garden. In the chapel, the only part in preservation, was Candelaria, gay in coarse artificial flowers and embroidery.

But it was not the ruin nor Candelaria that we went to see; it was



THE AMERICAN CONSULATE.



CONVENT OF LA POPA.

the grand outlook from the walls—and what a view it was! In one direction, stretching away into infinitude, lay the rolling forests of palm and oak, in a misty bath of gold and purple; and across an arm of the quiet sea, on the other side, was Carthagena, translated, by the beauty of the hour, into a fairy-like creation, her towers and circling walls seeming to float on the waters like a *mirage*. I have seen few pictures approaching in beauty this early-morning view from La Popa.

We remained in Carthagena in all about three weeks, and I remember the time as spent in novel and real enjoyments. The constant heat, though enervating, is never distressing, and is not noticeable unless one is compelled to exertion. The thermometer varied but one degree in our rooms during our stay, which was in the dry season. The days were at eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and at night the mercury fell to seventy-nine degrees; this, as travellers well remember, necessitates warmer covering, and seems a greater change than ten degrees in our own latitudes. One of our daily pleasures was a morning promenade on the ramparts, before the "trades" were fairly awake, or at evening, when one is in danger of being blown off by the tremendous force of these winds; there was a fascination in watching the magnificent-breaking of the surf over the great masses of coral-reef and the long beds of sea-shells. I had never seen a coast so covered with shells: for miles there seemed to be no sand, only continual masses of these beautiful forms, so wonderfully various in shape and color that it seemed a very Paradise for a student of conchology.

There are in Carthagena no theatres, nor concerts, nor any public amusement, as I learned, excepting the *fiestas*, ostensibly church celebrations, but resulting in various entertainments, such as bull-fights, cock-fights, etc.

The old Spanish families, reduced to poverty, live in complete retirement. The women have sold their jewels for means of subsistence, and, if seen at all, they appear in the simple calico dress of the natives. There are a few families of foreigners, fortune-hunters, living in the city, who keep up a style of considerable luxury. A splendid palace may be rented for forty dollars a month, and servants are cheap; all appliances, however, of civilized housekeeping must be imported. The American consul lives as elegantly and comfortably as one need desire; we were his guests at a dinner, sumptuous, and handsomely served. This gentleman showed us many polite attentions, which we heartily appreciated.

The charming family, too, of Señor Ramon le Sanchez, with whom we spent many delightful evenings, we shall not forget. Señor Sanchez was formerly United States consul here, and all travellers may recall his hospitality, blended with a most refined and elegant courtesy.

Before quitting this gossip of Carthagena, I cannot refrain from giving an opinion of the climate, so scandalized by geographers. We found the city delightfully clean, the air never oppressively hot, being always refreshed by the strong sea-breezes. The verdict of all who reside there is, that the place is remarkably healthy. Yellow fever, so prevalent in many parts of the tropics, never invades Carthagena. Cases of this kind brought from the islands are allowed to debark, but the disease disappears without spreading. In the room adjoining ours at the Bolivar, was a convalescent, who had taken the fever on a vessel from St. Thomas. No other person was affected, and there seemed to be no fear of it.

With all its want of luxuries, and its idle, *triste*, and simple life, Carthagena possesses a singular charm for me; and, when the first shiver of winter reaches me in my country home, I think lovingly of the soft air, and those lazy, dreamy days, in a city where, as I lay in my hammock, the eternal wash of the sea outside the walls was almost all the sound that broke the silence, tranquillizing me into a forgetfulness of all the exciting demands of a more civilized life.

## OUT OF SPAIN.

I'VE brought my lady out of Spain,  
With bridal pomp and pageant rare;  
And, ah! we'll never tread again,  
As in the days of Fancy's reign,  
The castle-halls we builded there.

No more for us the light guitar  
At eve its tender passion tells;  
Nor softly, sweetly steals from far,  
Like music from a distant star,  
The holy calm of convent-bells.

No more shail silver bugles blow,  
Nor pennons wave, nor lances shiver;  
Nor knights and ladies whisper low  
At twilight hour, when purpling flow  
Thy storied waves, bright Guadalquivir.

'Tis vanished all, as fades the track  
Of feet upon the sea-beat sand;  
And nothing can again bring back,  
What youth must have, what age must lack,  
The gay romance of Spanish-land.

And so through life the prize we deem  
Well worth the toil it cost to gain  
Flies like the mist at morning's beam—  
Fades like the lips we kiss in dream—  
Falls like our castles built in Spain.

I turned, and found my lady dear  
With mild reproach in eyes most fair:  
"But Love," said she, "has power to rear,  
Firm as the hills, as sunlight clear,  
A shining palace everywhere."

## THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

### CHAPTER XLIX.—IN WHICH THE TRAVELS ARE RELATED OF MR. WOODVILLE AND MISS CATERAN.

THE spell which the winking philosopher exercised over Mr. Woodville must have been of wonderful power, to make him recant his vows, registered at the shrine of Santo Giulio, against Alpine adventure for the remainder of his days; and there must have been other influences at work, hardly less strong, to induce him, not only to go mountaineering again, but to take two ladies along with him. One of these fair ones, however, Mrs. Naworth, was only included to mazonize the other; for the artist was so far from relishing her company, that he took a decided aversion to her before he set out. It was no great wonder. Mrs. Naworth was a very different person from Miss Cateran, though a member of the same Tyburnian coterie. She was a widow, and comely enough, for the matter of that, save that she had such very thin lips that she must have found it hard to bite them when she was out of sorts, which (to do her justice) she seldom was, when she had every thing her own way; but this, unluckily, not being easy in a party of three (one being Mr. Woodville, who liked to have his way, too), Mrs. Naworth had often occasion to bite her thin lips upon the journey, or, at least, try to do it. We know Mr. Woodville's peculiarities already, and that taking things easily and coolly was not his strong point. In short, Miss Cateran had a hard card to play between her travelling-companions, and was never so hard pushed in her life to make things smooth; for though she had always a drop of oil about her for a creaking hinge or to make a rusty key turn in a lock, the key and the hinge were sometimes too rusty, and Letitia's drop of oil was applied in vain.

But as our concern is more with the latter part of the tour than the beginning, we must skim very rapidly over a multitude of incidents which, though in themselves amusing, would needlessly retard our progress.

The Falcon, at Berne, was the rendezvous which Mr. Sandford had given the artist; but that gentleman had not even been heard of there, which surprised Mr. Woodville much more, you may suppose, than it did Miss Cateran. Mrs. Naworth (for we must give a touch or two of that lady), who had been against going to Berne, declared "she knew perfectly well Mr. Sandford would not keep his engagement." The artist's back was up in a moment, and, to punish her, he announced his intention of waiting two or three days for the missing gentleman.

"Oh, Mr. Woodville!—really—wait at this stupid place!" exclaimed the widow.

"Stupid place!" he replied. "Why, you have only seen the bears once."

Mrs. Naworth bit her lip really this time.

Miss Cateran never was more at a loss; for she relished the idea of staying at Berne as little as the widow, and at the same time she feared that her friend's opposition would make Woodville stop for a week.

Having all the air of paying no attention whatever to Mrs. Naworth, she said quietly, as if addressing herself exclusively to the artist—

"Yes; I suppose we must wait—unless we could leave a letter for your friend, and tell him where to follow us."

"You think that would do," said Woodville, who was growing pliable as wax in Letitia's hands.

"Indeed, I think it would," she answered, with every appearance of being as anxious about the meeting as he was.

"Where would you propose to go?"

"What should you say to Lucerne?"

Woodville assented before Mrs. Naworth had time to do mischief by expressing her satisfaction, as she was wild to go up the Rigi. We need not say that this was an excursion which the artist left the ladies to take by themselves. He waited for them at the Swan, at Lucerne, growing more impatient every moment at his friend's default.

"What can have happened to him? What can the reason be?" he said ruefully to Miss Cateran, when she rejoined him.

"The poor gentleman must have been taken ill," she replied, feelingly, though never in her life more inclined to laugh.

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"Let me think," said Letitia. You would have sworn that no other thought but the success of the Swiss Hamlet Association occupied her whole soul.

"Really," she said, after time enough for considering a question of life and death, "I don't think we could do better than leave another letter behind us here, and then move about and see what is to be seen. Suppose we go to Interlachen?"

He agreed, or submitted; and in this way Miss Cateran managed to accomplish all the usual aims of the tourist in Switzerland. Mr. Woodville, hopeless now of effecting his own special object, suffered her to lead him wherever she pleased, only bristling up when Mrs. Naworth presumed to hint a longing to scale some Alp or another, no matter how insignificant. Then he was terribly morose, and told such stories of wolves, and avalanches, and the lammergeyer, that he made the ladies (or at least one of them) quake in their shoes, and scarcely dare to raise their eyes above the line of perpetual snow.

But they had mountains enough in all conscience; for Letitia, left to do what she pleased, decided on crossing the St. Gothard, after which, and the usual round of the Lakes (except Little Orta, which Woodville would not hear of), they came to Turin; and it was there that the idea (pregnant with results of which she little dreamed) occurred to Miss Cateran of paying Mrs. Rowley's valleys a visit, as they were so near.

Here commenced the really pleasant part of the tour, at least to two of the party. Mrs. Naworth caught a bad cold, and was left behind to take care of herself, which Miss Cateran knew she could do very well. She and the bachelor went off together in the most unfeeling spirits, and enjoyed themselves like grasshoppers. The weather was lovely, though autumn was so far advanced; and it was probably during those delicious days, and in this sequestered scenery, that the idea of a companionship not to end with the tour developed itself from what was only a blossom in Paris into a full-blown flower.

They reached old Bobbio, making a bagatelle of the badness of the road, which was no better than it had been a dozen years before.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy jolted saints!" cried Woodville, in such spirits as to make a jest of his hardships.

Miss Cateran, on her part, sat down to the sorriest of dinners in the poorest of little inns, and never once turned up her nose at the fare.

As to the intrinsic dullness of the place, it was of no consequence, as it was not dull to its visitors. The duller it was, in the sense of being quiet, they liked it the more, in the humor they were in. It was so nice to have it all to themselves. Woodville sketched; the lady sat by him with a book, or strolled about, never far off, to gather a flower, or pick up the last of the strawberries.

One day it occurred to the artist to sketch the scene of the catastrophe which Alexander had witnessed so long ago, but not so long that the memory of his gallantry on the occasion had ceased to live in the valley. Almost the only change since that epoch was, that patches of brushwood had grown up here and there, and promised in time to conceal entirely the unsightly scar made by the landslip. The peasants pointed to the place where the old minister's chalet had stood, and showed how the stream had been forced out of its former channel by the debris of the fallen mountain. There was a striking view of the whole scene from a break in the pine-wood that hung over the little inn of the village.

"There can't be a better point of view than this," said Woodville, opening his sketch-book.

"Shall I read to you, while you draw?" said the lady.

"By all means. What book have you got?"

"Oh, Shakespeare, of course. You know it was the only book you brought, except that odd volume of Rabelais which you keep all to yourself."

"Ah, that perfidious Sandford!" cried Woodville; "if he is not ill, which I greatly fear, he has forgotten all about the 'Abbey of Thelème.' It can't be helped—*vogue la galère*—read me *Love's Labour's Lost*. That was another source of his fine inspirations."

Letitia read a bit; but in truth the book was only to "give herself a countenance," as the French say—any thing or nothing sufficed to take off her attention.

"Those men at work down there," she said, "will come into your sketch beautifully."



"I see no men."

"Yonder, under the spot where they told us the clergyman's house stood. You can hear their tools."

"Yes, yes; I see them now."

"There are several. The brushwood hides them sometimes, and there seems to be a man directing them."

"I see him, with sandy hair, and complexion to match. He is just the figure I want in the foreground."

"I wonder what they are doing."

"Little matter to you and me," said the artist; "but if you are curious, here is somebody who will inform you. From his dress I conclude he is the minister, or barbe, as they call him."

Woodville's conjecture was right. The clergyman's object in approaching them was to introduce himself, as was his wont, to all who wandered near his pastoral abode, and offer them such hospitalities as it afforded. The names of Rowley and Arnaud soon established a cordial acquaintanceship. The minister sat down on the moss between the travellers, and there was plenty of matter for an interesting half-hour's conversation, which was carried on in French.

Such particulars as we know already from the letter which Mr. Arnaud received after the demise of his aged relative, it would be superfluous to repeat here; nor need we state either how much the thirst of knowledge inherited by Miss Cateran from a remote ancestor was stimulated by the tale of the box.

"With that box," said Woodville, "the secret of Mr. Arnaud's birth is buried forever."

"Until the great day," said the barbe, "when all that is hidden shall be brought to light."

"After all," said Miss Cateran, addressing the minister, "I don't see why it should be absolutely necessary to wait quite so long as that; it is only buried under a certain depth of rubbish; and that reminds me, sir, to ask you what those workmen are doing yonder, near the very spot, I believe, which we are talking of."

The pastor in reply pointed with his finger, and called her attention to the man with the red or sandy hair, whom she had already noticed.

"The overseer, is he not?" said Letitia.

"Not a mere overseer, madam, for the work is at his own expense; he is a Mr. Prince, a benevolent gentleman, who came here about ten days since to lay out a considerable sum in giving employment to our poor people. We suggested several undertakings; but he decided himself on what he is now doing—restoring the stream to its original channel."

"And will that be of much use to you?" said Woodville.

"Not much use, certainly," said the minister; "but we must let him have his way, as he is giving work and spending his money."

"He might as well spend it on something useful," said Miss Cateran; "why does not he dig for that box, for instance?"

The minister had no answer to that, and soon retired, hoping the travellers would do his wife, who was their countrywoman, the favor of taking tea with her—an invitation which Letitia graciously accepted.

The artist went on drawing; the lady sat beside him ruminating.

"What are you pondering so demurely?" said Woodville.

"I'm thinking of going down to-morrow to where they are working, and having a chat with this Mr. Prince."

"He won't change his plans for you. If you only knew that sort of man as well as I do!"

"No harm to try," said Letitia.

They took tea at the pastor's, and Miss Cateran, unspoiled by London life and lobster suppers, enjoyed herself at that frugal meal, beneath that lowly roof, in that rude, sequestered valley, more than any of her English friends could have believed. In the course of the evening, she had a private chat with the minister's wife, a shrewder person than her husband, who assured her that Mr. Prince's operations would do the village positive harm.

"Why doesn't he dig for that box?" repeated Letitia.

"My private opinion is," said the other lady, "that he has some other object besides that which he avows. He may be a very good man; but if he is, his countenance belies him."

This was a fresh stimulus to the purpose which Miss Cateran had already formed; so next day, when Woodville was again at his sketch, she left him, and made her way down the slope toward the place where the peasants were working; but the descent suddenly became too steep for her, and she was obliged to halt just when she was within little more than fifty yards of them, and could distinctly hear their voices. She sat down to watch their proceedings, as she could do no more. Soon one workman and then another noticed and saluted her with a touch of his hat or his bonnet. Not so their employer, though he presently seated himself right opposite to her; and, after a single stare, pulled something out of his pocket, which he began to eat. The sun was in her favor, so that she could see his face and person pretty distinctly; and, what had fallen from the pastor's wife, led her to observe him with attention.

In a moment she jumped up, as if she had inadvertently sat down on a wasp's nest, or an ant-hill, clambered up the hill in breathless excitement, and ran back so fast to where she had left Woodville, that she was out of breath when she arrived.

"What is the matter?" he cried; "was Mr. Prince going to eat you?"

"Wait a moment. I can't speak yet."

"Take your time," said the artist, laying down his pencil.

"You will hardly believe me," she said, as soon as she was able to articulate, "when I tell you who that man is."

"No friend, I presume, or you would not have run away so fast."

"A friend of yours, at all events—the very man you have been ranging all Switzerland over to find."

"Oh, Letitia, how can you talk such wild nonsense?"

"Fact, fact, fact! my good sir."

"You forget it is not the 1st of April, fair lady," said Woodville, resuming his drawing.

"Well, but you are provoking," she cried. "You take a long journey expressly to meet this Mr. Sandford; and when I assure you that he is actually here, and within a stone's throw, you grow on a sudden indifferent about it, and tell me I am a goose for running to tell you. I believe I was, indeed."

"Now don't be vexed, *ma cara*," said the artist, soothingly, and putting up his things; "he shall be Sandford, or any one you please—at least until I see him with my own eyes."

"I have a great mind not to go with you; you take it so coolly."

But she did go, nevertheless; and Woodville said, as they went along, in a tone with something of a coo in it:

"What if I own that I am less eager about it than I was when we set out, or even until within the last few happy days?"

"I suppose that tale is to match mine," said Letitia, sparkling up, and coloring just enough to show that girls don't always leave their blushes behind them at thirty.

But this dovecot tone only lasted until they gained the point overlooking the works from which Miss Cateran had already made her observations. Directly Woodville obtained a full view of the gentleman in dispute, he laughed outright, and exclaimed:

"Sandford! that man Sandford! why, he has neither his hair, nor his complexion, nor his stoop. He is just as like Sandford as I am."

"He is not like him just because he is himself," said Letitia, sharply.

"Why, this man's hair is sandy, and Mr. Sandford's is black, touched with silver; besides, Sandford wore no whiskers."

"He has let them grow; he has got Mr. Sandford's eyes, nose, and mouth, the same face, and the same head; what do such minor matters as hair and complexion signify?"

"Only," said Woodville, "that the same man can't be both olive and sandy, and have both red hair and black hair."

"I am not so sure of that," said the lady, very much annoyed at finding that the details were so much against her.

"Besides, he can see us as well as we see him; and, you observe, recognizes neither of us."

"Perhaps he has his reasons. If it is not himself, it must be his brother."

"That's like what the wolf said to the lamb: if it was not you, it was your father; besides, who told you that he has a brother? To be sure, Alexander had a crotchet on that subject; but you never concurred with him."

This last observation shut Miss Cateran up, as Mrs. Upjohn would have expressed it.

"I suppose I am wrong, Sir Artist," she said, after a pause, with well-affected submission; but so positive was she that she was right, that she wrote that very day the first letter which Alexander received from her.

With Woodville she now scrupulously avoided the subject, but she had several more chats with the minister's wife, whose suspicions had been growing stronger every day. She had picked up a number of scraps of information about the philanthropist's conduct in the house where he lodged, all leading to inferences adverse to his respectability; and, what was more, she told Letitia that she firmly believed it was really the box he was searching for, under the impression that it contained money or jewels.

"How did he know of its existence?" said Letitia.

"Anybody in the village could have told him. My husband was not as reserved as he should have been on such a subject."

"Does your husband believe it contains money?"

"No; but as soon as it got abroad that it contained something of value, the peasantry would have it that it could only be gold."

"His proceedings ought to be narrowly watched," said Miss Cateran. "Your husband ought to be on the *qui vive*."

"Oh," said the pastor's wife, with a smile, "there are sharper eyes on him than my poor, dear husband's. I have already taken care of that."

It was after this conversation that Miss Cateran wrote again to Mr. Alexander—more positively than before—assuring him, without going into particulars, that the pretended Mr. Prince was undoubtedly one of the two notorious brothers, and promising to keep Mr. Woodville at Turin until he had time to join them. Letitia would have given her eyes to have stayed at Bobbio and seen the business out; but she saw that Mr. Woodville had got enough of the place, and prudently husbanded her influence to detain him at Turin, where there was at least an opera—such as it was—and rather better eating.

## CHAPTER L.—IN WHICH MR. ALEXANDER REVISITS BOBBIO AT A TRAGIC CRISIS, AND MRS. ROWLEY'S CONCERN IN THE IRON BOX IS BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

"Miss CATERAN has hoaxed you beautifully!" cried Woodville, as he shook hands with his friend at Trombetta's, in Turin.

"I forgive her with all my heart if she has," replied the solicitor, laughing. "I am so glad to see both her and you."

"Well, but you must not stay with us a moment. Go and satisfy yourself. I hope Mr. Sandford will recognize you. He ignored me altogether. We shall await your return here."

Mrs. Naworth, who was now recovered, chafed again at this new delay—being now bent on visiting Genoa—because it was out of the question. As to the Vaudois country, when she heard of its meagre fare and rough accommodation, she congratulated herself on having escaped it; but that did not prevent her from making several bitter little speeches on the way in which she had been deserted.

The end of the same day found the lady's attorney at the end of his journey. He walked up the long, wild valley from La Tour, alternately recalling his impressions of the scenery, and ruminating on the strange details which Miss Cateran had found time to give him. The minister's wife had written to her two days before, and told her that the workmen in Mr. Prince's pay had already come upon what were evidently rafters, and other traces of a building; so that Alexander could hardly have timed his journey better. The day was still and sombre, not one to make a solemn man gay, nor yet to make a gay man exactly solemn; yet Alexander, revolving all the extraordinary particulars of Mrs. Rowley's misfortunes, and remembering his recent interview with Arnaud, and the singular way in which he had been affected by the mention of Sandford's name in connection with the abode of his infancy, could not, with all his native buoyancy of spirits, avoid falling into a mood unusual with him, but in perfect harmony with the pensiveness of the day. So cheerful and airy was he naturally, that his disposition led him often even to toy with serious subjects, when forced upon him, as a kitten plays with the sad leaves of autumn; but there was nothing of this in the cast of his meditations on the present evening, as he drew near Bobbio, but rather a foreshadowing of the dismal event which he came almost to witness.

It was almost dark, and the bats were darting to and fro as he entered the village, which would have been profoundly silent, only that here and there, at the door of one or two of the lowly dwellings, a knot of peasants stood confabulating in whispers, as if discussing some mysterious or distressing subject. They paid little attention to him, and he proceeded to the little inn. At first nobody appeared, but the mistress came at last, and excused her neglect by informing him that an event had occurred that very morning which had thrown the whole commune into confusion.

"I thought something unpleasant had happened," he said, "from what I observed in the street. I hope it has been nothing very bad?"

"A terrible thing, sir," she answered; "a good, charitable gentleman, who was spending his riches in employing our poor peasantry, was killed by the fall of a mass of stones and rubbish where they were working!"

"Mr. Prince!" said Alexander, with great emotion.

"Yes, sir; Mr. Prince, a countryman of yours."

"Terrible that, indeed," said Alexander.

The woman then told him that the remains were lying in a house not far off—the same in which he had lodged—and were to be buried the following day.

Alexander desired a room to be prepared for him, and then asked whether he might be allowed to see the body, as he had reason to fear that he had some knowledge of the deceased.

There was no difficulty about it. The woman lighted a lantern—for it was now pitch dark—and conducted him to the place, which was but at a short distance.

She entered as if the house was familiar to her; and, treading reverently, and speaking hardly above her breath, she opened a door on the ground-floor, and showed him in. The room was dimly lighted by a single neglected and wavering candle—and in the middle, on a low pallet or stretcher, lay the dismal sight he came to see; and he could have imagined no spectacle more ghastly, or which it required more courage or less superstition to behold without shuddering; for, though the features were un mutilated, the eyes were unclosed, and their stony glare (faint and fluttering as the light was) spoke at once of the evil life the man had lived, and the violent death that ended it.

Alexander, after he had stood for some moments mute and horror-stricken, took the lamp out of his guide's hand, and approached the pallet. The woman remained standing as far off as she could, but still continued to talk.

"His poor head, you see, escaped injury; it was only his body that was crushed."

Alexander made no reply. A single glance was enough to satisfy him that one of the Moffats lay stark and stiff before him. Which of them it was he was unable to decide.

"I hope the poor gentleman was not your friend," said the woman, with feeling, seeing how much Alexander was moved as he turned away and handed her back the lantern.

"Not a friend—hardly, perhaps, an acquaintance," he answered shortly, and returned to the inn.

The ensuing morning, early, he repaired to the pastor's house, where he heard not only the confirmation in detail of the account he had already received, but other important facts besides, which as yet were only known to the minister, his wife, and the syndic of the place.

The manner of the catastrophe was so remarkable, that the simple pastor of a community where reason was still a long way in arrear of faith, might well have been excused for seeing the *digitus Dei* expressly in it.

"This wretched man was in search of a box of money or jewels, was he not?" said Alexander. "I learned so much at Turin, from my friend Miss Cateran."

"That lady and my wife were right all along," said the minister, frankly. "I found it hard to believe in such an amount of hypocrisy and wickedness."

"I am not surprised," said Alexander. "But did he come at what he wanted?—for that is now, perhaps, the main point."

"Oh, he did, Mr. Alexander, to his sorrow; for it pleased the Almighty to make his guilt the instrument of his punishment. It happened this way: There was a mass or a wall of rubbish, as it were the wall of this room, or rather the side of a new railway cutting; there were rafters and fragments of furniture—that belonged, no doubt, to the old manse—projecting here and there through the stones and gravel. Some say a corner of the box itself was visible; and that the wretched man was just about to snatch it—at all events, he was standing close under the mass—when it suddenly detached itself and fell—crushing him so fearfully, that life was extinct before he was extricated. The box was found right upon his chest, one corner driven into it as with a sledge. His head was the only part of his body that escaped mutilation."

"To enable me to recognize his features," said Alexander, "as those of a notorious malefactor, who has at length in this signal manner expiated a life of crime and profligacy."

The minister then took Alexander to the syndic, in whose custody the box was, as well as the papers and other things found on the person of the deceased. The box was a small oblong one of iron, tinned. It was half eaten with rust, the lock was smashed; and it was another miracle that its contents—only papers—had escaped destruction. The papers were taken out and read in the presence of the three gentlemen.

The nature and effect of them, both with relation to Mr. Arnaud and Mrs. Rowley, were precisely what the reader has been led to anticipate. They filled Alexander with strong and conflicting emotions.

Among the articles found were a pair of false whiskers, and one or two phials with dyes and washes, probably some of the miscellaneous assortment which we have already seen in the chambers of those more than double-dyed villains, the Messrs. Leonard.

Among the papers were several which removed all doubt on the question of identity, and cleared up other dark matters besides. One was the following letter, which the deceased had received only the day before his death, or rather his execution:

"DEAR ARCHIE—

"If you want more cash, you must have it; but what you had from good Mrs. U—ought to pay the labor of those beggarly Waldenses for a twelvemonth. But get the case, whatever it costs. Don't come back without it; or, by all the primroses of Primrose Hill, I'll cut your acquaintance. It is well worth a thousand pounds to us; and we shall get it, either from one party or the other, as sure as God's in Gloucester. The widow is no fool, whatever the missionary may be. However, you only get the case and the papers, and leave it to me to bring them to market. Mrs. U. has absconded, but her husband is always a sure mark.

"Yours, according to your behavior,  
"OLD N."

The syndic—or magistrate of the village—at first demurred to placing the casket, and other things, in Alexander's hands; but as soon as he stated who he was, and how intimately he was connected with all the parties, to say nothing of his personal claims to more than mere respect, no objection was made to his taking every thing with him. As to the documents, he promised to have them copied at Turin, and to deposit either the copies or the originals with the proper authorities there.

He then bade a kind adieu to the pastor and his less simple wife, and left the village with a still more thoughtful face than he entered it, and a heavier weight on his spirits. More than once, thinking of Arnaud, he exclaimed to himself on his long walk: "Noble-minded fellow! he must have known that these papers existed. Now I understand the distraction which I took to be love."

"The box! the box!" exclaimed Letitia, as Alexander entered with it in his hand.

"Gold or jewels?" cried Mrs. Naworth.

"I see by your countenance," said Woodville, "that the contents, whatever they may be, are not of a pleasing nature; but who is Mr. Prince? Let us know that first, to put Miss Cateran out of pain."

Alexander was in no hurry to answer; he placed the crushed and rust-eaten box on the table, drew a chair, and sat down, while the rest gathered round him, like an eager circle to hear a ghost-story.

"Miss Cateran was right," he said at length, regarding Woodville gravely.

It was like a thunder-stroke to the artist.

"God bless me," he cried, "you don't mean to say—"

"Not your friend, Woodville, but his brother—one of the Moffats. No doubt about it."

Woodville was speechless.

"I hope he is in custody," said Letitia.

"An officer has him in his grasp," replied Alexander, "who never yet let innocent or guilty out of his hands—he is no more."

As soon as he had told the story, he said, after a pause:

"Much as you have been surprised and pained by what I have told you, what I have still to say, with the papers in this box to vouch for it, will affect you more. I mean you, Miss Cateran, and my friend Woodville, who are both Mrs. Rowley's friends."

Letitia turned pale as death.

"Mrs. Rowley!" cried Woodville, "how can they affect her in any way?"

"In two ways, and seriously; she has found a brother, and lost an estate. Arnaud is her brother. The proofs are here."

Miss Cateran burst into tears.

"To think," she exclaimed, sobbing, "that I have been instrumental a second time in ruining her."

"Not at all," said Alexander, kindly; "on the contrary, your sagacity, and that of the pastor's wife, have been of the greatest service, by preventing those documents from falling into dishonest hands. The discovery was made by Mrs. Rowley's enemies, not her friends; it was made by Mrs. Upjohn, or with her money. I have documents here to prove that, too."

"I only wish," cried Woodville, knocking the table in his customary fashion, "the catiff's neck had been broken before he grubbed up such a questionable treasure."

"In remembering what Mrs. Rowley loses," said Alexander, "those who know her as well as we do ought not to forget what she gains."

"Oh, Mr. Alexander," said Letitia, trying to dry her eyes, "that is poor comfort for me; she could have done very well without a brother, who is only discovered to reduce her to beggary." And she burst again into a passion of tears, which even Woodville found it difficult to restrain.

"I suppose it will kill her," said Mrs. Naworth.

"You don't know the lady you speak of," said the artist, sharply.

"I know," rejoined the widow, "if I was in her place, I would rather have the estate without the brother, than the brother at the cost of the estate."

"That's because you are Mrs. Naworth, not Mrs. Rowley," retorted Woodville.

It was just; but Alexander would not have made such a savage speech to a lady on any provocation.

The ladies having withdrawn, Letitia to dry her eyes, and her friend to recover from the stroke she had just got, the artist said, with strong feeling:

"It is I who ought to reproach myself with having helped Mrs. Rowley's enemies, not that poor girl."

"Pooh, you were simply deceived," said Alexander; "and you need not be overwhelmed with shame, for it was by an accomplished master of the art."

"I was duped in Paris by one brother, and at Bobbio by another. That poor girl detected the impostor the moment she laid her eyes on him."

"Miss Cateran," said Alexander, "has not only a good head on her shoulders, but, what is better, a good heart under her stomach; and, therefore, I congratulate my old friend cordially on having won her affections."

"Now this is too bad," cried Woodville, "to anticipate what I had made up my mind to confide to you. What led you to suspect it?"

"As to that," replied Alexander, with a smile, "I had a shrewd suspicion of it from the day I saw you in Paris in your new *robe-de-chambre*."

"And you," said the detected artist, to have a bit of revenge, "have you no lady in your eye with a good head and a good heart to match it? Do you know we—come, I mean Letitia and I—have often talked of Mrs. Rowley for you."

"Ah!" said Alexander, without betraying the slightest emotion, whether he experienced any or not, "what would my old mother say if I were to think of such a thing, especially after what has just occurred?"

"I am sorry to hear," said Woodville, with his measureless credulity, "that the old lady is so devoted to Mammon."

The very next moment Alexander had his finger on his friend's eye again. Moffat himself could not have done it better.

"We travel together, I hope," said the artist.

"My business abroad is not yet done," said Alexander. "I promised a friend of mine to engage an Italian architect to build a house for him, and I must go to Milan about it."

"A very good place," said Woodville.

"Perhaps you could help my friend to a design," said Alexander.

"Where is he going to build?"

"On one of the lakes."

"A lake! oh, I have the very thing you want—a design I made for unfortunate Mrs. Rowley in the days of auld lang-syne. I must have shown it to you at the time."

"I forget," said the Jesuitical solicitor.

The artist found it after a short hunt in his portfolio, and made his friend a present of it, saying, as he put it up in an envelope:

"Poor lady, she was on her high-horse in those days. I suggested a cottage, but nothing would do but a villa, with a portico, and terraces, and all that sort of thing."

"She was always hopeful and aspiring," said Alexander; and at the same moment Miss Cateran returned just in time to receive his parting compliments before he left Turin with the box, having now only the easiest part of his business abroad to transact.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## LOUIS AGASSIZ.

THE ancestors of Louis Agassiz were French Huguenots, who, compelled in the general upheaval of France, at the time of the Revolution of the Edict of Nantes, to abandon their native land, settled in Switzerland, in the Pays de Vaud. His father was a Protestant clergyman (as indeed his ancestors were, for several generations), and was settled first at St. Imier, and subsequently at Mottier, where the great naturalist was born May 28, 1807. In this village, which lies near Lake Neuchâtel, his early years were passed until he was sent to Bienne, where, at the gymnasium, he received his elementary education, and laid the foundations of his study of natural history, acquiring also the rudiments of the ancient and modern languages. After spending four years here, he then, at the age of fifteen, passed to the *académie* at Lausanne, where he devoted two years more to collegiate studies, and, having fixed upon the profession of medicine, went then to Zurich and pursued his professional studies for two years in the medical school of that place. Passing thence to the University of Heidelberg, and subsequently to that of Munich, he prosecuted the study of medicine for some time longer, at the same time carrying on his investigations in the natural sciences.

At Munich, in 1827, Agassiz could count among his friends such men as Oken, and Döllinger, and others, under whose guidance he pursued his scientific researches. There, as elsewhere, in later years, his enthusiastic nature made him the leader among the circle of young men who were engaged in the studies that gradually monopolized his thoughts, and the discussions of their club were so brilliant and exhaustive that it was not long before their professors and teachers were glad to share in them.

While at Munich, he was appointed by Martius, the celebrated botanist, to complete the ichthyological portion of his work on Brazil, which was the result of a scientific exploration sent out by the Austrian and Bavarian Governments. The masterly manner in which this task was accomplished by Agassiz at once gave him the highest reputation among naturalists, and he from that time devoted himself to scientific studies rather than medical. He passed the required examinations for the degree of doctor of philosophy at Erlangen with great distinction, and subsequently at Munich received the degree of doctor of medicine. The thesis maintained by him on this occasion is of no little interest at the present day, when the rights and privileges and political and social functions of women are the subject of so much discussion. It was in Latin, to maintain the doctrine, *femina humana superior mari*, that the human female is superior to the male.

After receiving these degrees, Agassiz went to Vienna, where he pursued his studies with unremitting zeal. Having fortunately secured the requisite pecuniary assistance from Cotta, the celebrated publisher, he had for some time been engaged in accumulating materials for the "Natural History of the Fresh-water Fishes of Europe," and, during this residence in Vienna, he devoted his time largely to the study of the fishes of the Danube, and to that of the fossil fishes of the fresh-water deposits in Switzerland and Bavaria. The study of fossil fishes occupied his attention for nearly ten years, in the course of which he visited nearly all the museums of Europe, to which he obtained the freest entrance, and every facility, by the loan of specimens, that he could desire for the prosecution of this great undertaking.

In Paris he made the acquaintance of the great Cuvier, and began his lifelong friendship with Baron von Humboldt. Cuvier had just begun a work on fishes when he became known to Agassiz, but so impressed was he by the drawings and investigations which were submitted to his inspection, that he offered to transfer to Agassiz the materials that he had collected for his own intended work. The researches for the preparation of this great work extended through many years, involving journeys, in great part on foot, through France, Ger-



many, and Switzerland, for explorations of the lakes and rivers, and for the purpose of comparing the different water-basins of Europe.

In 1832, he received an appointment as professor of natural history in the college at Neuchâtel, and took up his residence immediately in that place. Established here, he was able to devote himself to preparations for the immediate completion of the work on fossil fishes, the researches for which had, for so long a time, occupied his attention; and in 1833, by the timely aid of Humboldt, he at last commenced its publication. This work was issued in five volumes of text, with another containing over four hundred plates in which more than one thousand species of fishes are represented in full size, besides many more on a smaller scale. The publication of this book, embracing the descriptions of so many species before unknown, led to an entirely new classification in this department of natural science.

This work was succeeded in 1834 by the "Prodromus of Echinoderms," and by monographs upon the Echini, also on living and fossil shells, and upon other subjects. During all this time, he still labored upon the "History of the Fresh-water Fishes," the drawings and lithographs for the illustrations of this work being prepared and printed under his own eye at Neuchâtel. This was published in 1839-'40, at a very great expense to the author, who was thereby burdened with a debt which embarrassed him for several years. After this he gave to the scientific world the "Nomenclator Zoologicus," which was followed by the "Bibliotheca Zoologica et Geologica," both works of the highest value to naturalists. The latter was published in four volumes, under the auspices of the Ray Society, an English scientific association.

While carrying on these labors, Agassiz had meanwhile been devoting much time to investigations on the phenomena of the glaciers, and, during several summers, from 1836 to 1845, had passed his vacations in the observation of the glaciers of the Alps. He announced his glacial theory first before the Helvetia Society in the year 1837, and then continued his investigations, making his headquarters of observation on the glacier of the Aar, where, for eight successive summers, he carried on his researches into the nature of these phenomena. The results of his observations upon this subject are contained in two great works, the "*Études des Glaciers*," published in 1840; and the "*Système Glaciaire*," published at Paris in 1847, which contains the account of his investigations made during five years, from 1841 to 1845. M. Edward Desor, who afterward accompanied him to this country, was one of his assistants during these excursions, and published an account of their researches in a volume entitled "*Excursions de M. Agassiz et de ses compagnons de voyage dans les glaciers et les hautes régions des Alpes*."

M. Agassiz's investigations into the glacial phenomena have been continued in this country, where his observations prove that the same forces have been at work in former ages that are now to be seen in

active operation among the Alps, and other mountainous regions of the Old World. The results of his researches, contained in the works before named, are of the highest authority upon this subject.

In 1846, Professor Agassiz came to this country, having been invited to deliver a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston, and being also charged by the King of Prussia, at the suggestion of Humboldt, with the duty of making an examination into the natural history and geology of the United States.

His courses of lectures in Boston, giving a general view of the animal kingdom, attracted crowded audiences, who, by his enthusiasm, were kindled to the greatest interest in him personally, and in the objects of his visit to this country. These lectures were repeated before large and intelligent audiences in several of our great cities, and more attention was directed by them to the sciences of natural history and geology than by any public instructions ever given previously in this country.

Professor Bache, at that time the superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, placed at his disposal the vessels of that service, which were constantly engaged in carrying on scientific surveys of our coast throughout its whole extent, and officered by scientific men, and well equipped with every thing desirable and necessary for the successful prosecution of the studies of Professor Agassiz. He made his first cruise in the summer of 1847 on the *Bibb*, then commanded by Commander (now Rear-Admiral) Charles H. Davis, one of the most distinguished officers of our navy (especially as a scientific man), which was devoted to an examination of the coast of Massachusetts and that vicinity.

Such was the interest that had been aroused by M. Agassiz's lectures and by the personal social intercourse which he had with the most intelligent and cultivated people, that, in 1847, by the munificent donations of the late Hon. Abbott Lawrence, of Boston, the Lawrence Scientific School was founded at Cambridge, as a branch of the

university, and a professorship was tendered to M. Agassiz. He obtained a release from his obligations to the Prussian Government, and, accepting the appointment in 1848, entered upon the discharge of his new duties, and took up his residence in Cambridge, where he has remained to this day. During the first year of his service there, he accompanied a number of his pupils on a scientific exploration of the region of Lake Superior, the results of which are given in a volume prepared by J. Eliot Cabot, one of the party, entitled "*Lake Superior*."

In this way, accompanied by the young men whom he has been training during these years to scientific pursuits, and in the vessels of the Coast Survey, Professor Agassiz has been able, since his residence in the United States, to make very thorough and extensive explorations of nearly the whole extent of both of the interior and of the coast of this country. Devoting much time in all parts of the Union to the delivery of lectures, which have everywhere attracted large



LOUIS AGASSIZ.

audiences, he has awakened a zeal for the pursuit of scientific studies, which has already borne much fruit in the immense collections of specimens of natural history, which he has been enabled to accumulate through his personal relations with individuals in every direction, whose attention has been directed by his lectures to scientific subjects, and whose pride and pleasure it has been to forward to him, from every quarter, any specimens of interest that may have fallen into their hands.

In the year 1852, Professor Agassiz received an appointment as Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the Medical College at Charleston, S. C., and, during several winters, delivered courses of lectures there, having thus an opportunity of exploring carefully what was of interest to him in that part of the country, devoting much time to the study of the marine animals of the coasts, having previously, in the year 1850, made a thorough survey of the Florida reefs, especially studying the coral formation of that region, in which he submitted a report to the national government, as a part of the report of the Coast Survey. The Southern climate proving to be pernicious to his health, however, he, after two years of service in this new post, resigned his professorship, and has, since that period, remained in Cambridge, which (having meanwhile married a daughter of the late Hon. Thomas J. Cary, of Boston) had become his permanent home.

In 1857, Professor Agassiz invited subscriptions for a work to be published in ten volumes, entitled "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States;" and such was the interest felt all over the country in any undertaking projected by him that, notwithstanding the great cost of this work and the consequent high price of the subscription, the list soon showed over two thousand five hundred names from every part of the United States, a subscription for a purely scientific object quite unparalleled. Of this great work, four volumes have been published up to this time.

In 1859, by a sort of tripartite agreement between the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Harvard College, and the subscribers to a fund of about one hundred thousand dollars, of which the sum of fifty thousand dollars was the bequest of the late Hon. F. C. Gray, the Museum of Comparative Zoology was founded at Cambridge, of which Professor Agassiz was made the curator, and under whose superintendence all the plans both for the arrangement of the museum and for the building were completed. Professor Agassiz's thorough acquaintance with the great museums of the world, and his knowledge of what could be accomplished in this country, where the interest of States and of private persons can be so easily moved to the undertaking of vast projects under wise guidance, led him to propose to found a museum that should in time surpass in extent and value all others in the world. Thus he induced the State and the trustees to build, not merely an edifice that should, for a few years, accommodate the collections already made, but to begin a great building, to be finished in the future, as occasion should require, yet on a systematic and far-reaching plan, so that the enlargements should be but the consistent carrying out of what was already accomplished. So the great edifice that now stands in Cambridge is but two-fifths of the north wing of the projected museum. To the care and superintendence of this, Professor Agassiz has mainly, for the past twelve years, devoted his life, chiefly in training a number of young men by his instructions for scientific pursuits, so that his great work may be carried on after his own active life shall be ended.

In April, 1865, Professor Agassiz, by the munificence of Mr. Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, was enabled to organize an expedition for a scientific exploration of Brazil. Taking with him six assistants trained in the work of the museum, with six volunteers, and accompanied by Mrs. Agassiz, he took passage in the Colorado with his whole party, at the invitation of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro II., placed at the disposal of the expedition every possible facility for prosecuting their researches in every corner of his empire, detailing an officer of his engineer corps to accompany the party throughout their journey. Professor Agassiz says that "this Brazilian expedition, fitted out and sustained by individual generosity, was treated as a national undertaking and welcomed by a national hospitality. From the moment of our landing in Rio de Janeiro, the government offered me every facility for my undertaking. Nor was this an empty civility. We found ourselves guests in every public conveyance, and our large collections were constantly transported free of freight." A war-steamer was placed at his disposal by the emperor, for the exploration of the Amazon, and the liberality of

the distinguished citizen who initiated the undertaking was fairly equalled by the imperial munificence of Dom Pedro.

An account of this tour, written in part by Professor Agassiz, and in part by Mrs. Agassiz, was published in a handsome volume entitled "A Journey in Brazil," soon after the return of the expedition, and gives a most charming narrative of the daily life of the party during their stay in Brazil.

Professor Agassiz has several times visited England, where his eminence in the scientific world was early and cordially recognized. While there, he made the acquaintance of all the most distinguished men, among whom may be named the late Sir Robert Peel, Lord Ellesmere, Buckland, Owen, and Sir Roderick Murchison. He has been made a member of all the principal learned societies of Europe, and among them the Royal Society of London and the Academy of Sciences of Paris. In this country his name and person are familiar at all gatherings of scientific men, and at all these meetings he takes a conspicuous part.

Besides the works already named, Professor Agassiz has published "*Monographies d'Echinodermes*," 4 parts, 4to, Neuchâtel, 1838-'42; "*Études Critiques sur les Mollusques fossiles*," 5 parts, 4to, Neuchâtel, 1840-'45; "Twelve Lectures on Comparative Embryology," 8vo, 1849; in connection with the late Dr. A. A. Gould, of Boston, "Principles of Zoology," 1848. The published proceedings of the learned societies of Europe and America contain also many communications from his pen, which it is impossible to refer to in the limits of this article.

While Professor Agassiz's public lectures and addresses have been delivered largely to popular audiences that have seemed never to weary of listening to his expositions, and have done more to create a general interest in scientific pursuits than any lectures ever given in this country, his writings, as may be inferred from their titles, are addressed solely to students of science, and are upon special subjects, far removed from popular comprehension, the results of the most laborious and far-reaching investigations into the most abstruse and obscure regions of natural history and geology, where but few can follow him. He seems to have followed in his works the same plan pursued in the organization of his Museum, where he has intentionally, as he says, fostered certain branches of Natural History to the disadvantage of others, aiming to fill the blank spaces left by others, rather than to repeat what has already been done by them.

In person, Professor Agassiz is a noble specimen of intellectual and physical manhood. His massive head indicates a brain of Websterian proportions; his genial and smiling face invites confidence and friendship; while his vigorous and robust frame, developed by early journeys and Alpine climbings, has shared, equally with his brain, the labors of his life, balancing, by physical exertion, the strain made upon the brain by the incessant and exhausting studies which he could not otherwise have performed.

Professor Agassiz is thoroughly American in all his sympathies and feelings; and the love of freedom, which every Swiss breathes in with his native air, has lost nothing of intensity by his residence in this country, of which he has become one of the most honored citizens.

## LITERARY ECCENTRICS.

THERE are many persons who, while having a sort of recognition in the editorial rooms of the New-York press, are commonly described as adventurers—a class, known as Bohemians, who live loosely and precariously, spend their uncertain and irregular earnings lavishly, and who usually are more fond of the convivial glass and the merry song than of labor. These, who have included some notable names, have often been written about, and always remain objects of keen interest to the outside world; but the few individuals I purpose describing in this paper are almost too distinctive to be included in any particular class. My pictures are accurate photographs, in no way colored by fancy. One may wonder whence come characters so odd, and even fantastic—what community could have produced them—what place could have received them—but, as unable to answer these questions as my readers, I will simply content myself with describing their strange appearance.

One day, during the early part of the rebellion, there entered into my office (my business was in connection with the press) a man so

utterly dilapidated, that I supposed him to be a beggar, and a very wretched one at that. He was aged, ragged, soiled; these things are common to all beggars; but there was a picturesqueness in this man's dilapidation that would have delighted an actor or a painter in search of a model beggar. But, instead of the customary alms-asking, a low, hesitating voice inquired "if we bought manuscripts there." To this surprising interrogative I made some evasive answer, for the man's appearance and manner interested me so much, in view of the query he propounded, that I was disposed to learn something more of one who vended manuscripts much in the way men would offer matches or shoestrings. There was, moreover, something very peculiar in the fellow. He was evidently a bird of an exceedingly strange feather. His guise, his manner, his face, and his speech, the whole atmosphere of the man, denoted remoteness. His rags were manifestly not New-York rags. His face was not a New-York face. He had come suddenly from some far-off, unknown corner of the world, and he brought with him suggestions of a civilization different from ours.

In response to his question, I made a few encouraging remarks, whereupon he thrust his hands in among his rags to the left and brought forth a dingy, soiled, dog-eared roll of manuscript; then to the right, and brought forth another roll; then, searching among the pockets in his coat behind, he brought forth two or three more; and, so continuing, he soon, from various parts of his dilapidated apparel, managed to empty a chairful of his odd-looking merchandise. He had a novel, a metrical romance, a score of essays, poems unlimited, a brace of biographies—his stock, indeed, was varied, and calculated to suit all tastes. A glance at the manuscripts showed me they were not available for publication; their whole tone and style was as odd and remote as the writer. But, still curious about the man, I led him into conversation, and soon discovered him to be an admirable talker—but singularly ignorant about events of recent occurrence. He was surprised to learn that Irving was dead, who had been buried three years; and was, in fact, a veritable Rip Van Winkle. I discovered that he had at some time lived in the Southern States, and, as at that time every thing pertaining to that region was of great interest, I listened with no little relish and surprise to a very graphic and capable descriptive analysis of society in the slave section. But, when the talk was over, he gathered up his various manuscripts, hid them away among his rags, and shuffled out of the office. I never saw him afterward. Whence he came, whither he went, remains a mystery; but my surprise could not have been greater if one of the personages immortalized in "The Dunciad" had stepped out of the last century from Grub Street, and came to visit "the glimpses of the moon."

Once, since then, I met another literary aspirant about as dilapidated, as grotesque, as strange, as this unknown; but he requires no particular description. Like him, he came suddenly out of some strange past, and some strange conditions, and as suddenly disappeared—whither, it is impossible to surmise. He was in some particulars more strange in person than his predecessor; for he wore gloves, every finger of the hands piercing the ragged envelope, and he flourished a red bandanna handkerchief so dilapidated that Jaques Strop would have delighted in it as sure of bringing a laugh from the gallery.

There are two other eccentrics I purpose describing, in whom, however, there were unmistakable indications of insanity. One of them became conspicuous after I knew him by a connection with an actress which drew him into the Philadelphia police-courts, and he still later got into difficulties in London. My sketch will, no doubt, recall him to numerous literary people. He was a loud-talking, boisterous "Britisher," as positive as he was wild in his ideas, confident of his own immense literary superiority, and fond of long stories about peculiar difficulties he was suffering under in consequence of the persecutions of Louis Napoleon. It seems he had written a history of France in seven volumes, one of which he had persuaded some confiding London publisher to print for him. It was his mission to get the other six published; and he seemed to be travelling around the world with this object in view. A copy of the first volume he always carried in his coat-pocket, and, at the slightest hint—without any, in fact—he whipped it out, and began to quote or read from it. Louis Napoleon, it seemed, was in high dudgeon about this same history, and had his emissaries in all the principal cities to prevent the publishing of the succeeding volumes. With this history, and other projects, he drove the New-York publishers nearly crazy. His persistence, his glib tongue, his utter inability to take a negative for an

answer or to understand a hint, his endless resources, which brought him each day with a new poem or a new essay to offer—these things rendered him the greatest bore the town could boast of. Once he gave a lecture, to which only some half-dozen people attended. The next day he burst into my office in a great fury. "What!" exclaimed he, white with rage, and whipping out the inevitable volume of history—"what, is this the way your people exhibit their gratitude? I have defended your institutions in the clubs of London, in the salons of Paris, and here, in the very first paragraph of my great history, I pay a splendid compliment to your Washington—and yet you have no gratitude! You keep away from my lectures; you will not buy my articles; you put yourself under the influence of that arch-traitor, Louis Napoleon. It is abominable!" In this way he rattled on for full half an hour. The fellow, in truth, had some erudition, and he wrote essays of a ponderous cast, well suited to certain solemn magazines. He was always at his wits'-end for money; how he lived indeed was a mystery, as I never heard of his selling a manuscript, and he had no other apparent vocation.

At the time this eccentric fellow was vexing the town, another English *littérateur* was playing equally strange antics. This man possessed not a few genuine accomplishments. He never let a day pass without calling upon the publishers with a new proposal. He could give you any thing you wanted—a new novel, a new history, a new poem, a new essay, a new criticism; he could translate from the French, the German, the Italian, and I don't know how many more modern tongues, with, of course, the Greek and Latin. He claimed to be a contributor to certain English magazines, and would show articles printed in their pages which he asserted to be his own; but every thing he offered here was wild and strained. He, too, was persecuted by enemies, one of whom was his double, who contracted debts in his name, intercepted his letters, went before him wherever he went and injured his reputation, and had successfully prevented every paper he had written from being accepted by the American publishers. His appearance was odd—being perfectly bald on the top of his head, but with an immense shock of hair beginning at a line just around his head above the ears, and tumbling in a great mass over his shoulders. His beard also was of excessive length. He was a bright and pleasant talker; had many good notions of things; had culture and learning—and yet the poor wretch seemed always at the point of starvation. He had every day some new tale of his persecutors, whose devices to ruin him seemed endless. One day he told a long story of how a pocket-book crammed with bills was purposely thrown in his way with the hope that he would appropriate it, and thereby put himself at the mercy of his enemy; another time he told of mysterious rouleaus of gold-eagles left among his papers; at another of a scheme to get him to sign a paper that would commit him to a conspiracy. One day he came to me and said he was sure some scheme was on foot to kidnap him, and begged me, if he did not come daily to the office, to go to the police quarters and report his disappearance, as in that case he certainly would be made away with. He did disappear, and has never turned up in my path since, nor could I learn what had become of him—but the enemy into whose hands he fell was probably Death.

These instances will show that Grub Street is not entirely an institution of the last century. But, while our modern Bohemians are, as a class, legitimate descendants of the Dunciad fraternity, two at least of the cases I have described had no fellowship with Bohemians. They were simply individual instances of how strange characters may, in a large city like New York, appear and disappear, and no man know whence their coming or whither their going.

### A SPRING THRENODY.

I SEE the white wreaths dwindle down  
To little mounds of icy mire;  
I see the hill-sides bare and brown,  
The swelling buds upon the brier;  
I see in many a sunny spot  
The tender spears of verdure rise;  
I see young Spring return—but not  
The form that ravished once mine eyes.  
  
I hear the bluebird's welcome song;  
The thrush in yonder bosky grove;



I hear the freed brooks pour along;  
I hear the cooing of the dove;  
I hear the plashing on the pane;  
The far-off murmur on the shore;  
I hear the voice of Spring again—  
But her sweet accents nevermore.

I feel the warm winds freshly blow  
Athwart the fields that still retain  
Some trace of last year's wealth and glow,  
Through Winter's snow and Autumn's rain;  
I feel the pulse of Nature bound  
Beneath my foot where'er I tread—  
But neither touch, nor sight, nor sound,  
Can give me back my sainted dead.

### DANGER AHEAD!

THE train was passing rapidly along a stretch of road, miles in length, that was without "station" or "switch." The day had been gloomy, and toward evening there commenced one of those tremendous rain-storms so peculiar to our climate, designated by the unmeaning term of "an equinoctial." The surface of the country along the entire route of the road was gently undulating, and consequently subject to sudden overflow—but a long drought had dulled any suspicion of danger by water, and the engineer had nothing, he thought, especially to fear from the prevailing storm, but the wreck of an uprooted tree, or a "cave" in the soft banks which lined the road, where it cut through a slight upheaval, in the ordinary dead level. The lamp at the head of the engine glowed with unusual brilliancy. Its fierce rays were multiplied a hundred-fold by its metallic reflector, while every drop of the descending rain, within a hundred yards, acted as so many illuminated crystals; to see the train approaching you, it seemed literally a long, quivering serpent, with a head of blazing fire.

Over five hundred individuals, representing every diversified interest and relation possible, were in that train of cars—and of all that vast number not one had the slightest idea of danger, but slept, chatted, or gave themselves up to comparative insensibility. They had a ticket, paid for, to take them through with *safety*—what more could they desire?

A glance at our illustration, better than words, suggests a realization of the critical and helpless condition of the traveller on the railway. As often as we are from time to time shocked at the details of some terrible accident, it is certainly extraordinary that they do not more frequently happen. The series of boxes, called cars, packed with living people, appear from necessity to be arranged for every contingency that leads to destruction. Whatever may be the responsibility for carrying so much precious freight, the parties who are interested are few in number, of humble position, and poorly paid. The engineer who controls the propelling power, the weight of whose little finger, at a critical moment wrongfully exerted, might crush up the train, is contented, nay thinks himself fortunate, if for the reward of his unceasing toil he can, if married, command the humblest of homes for his wife and children. The brakemen imperil their existence a dozen times a day, at a possible average of twenty cents for what is to them individually an open defiance of a deadly catastrophe—and yet to the strong arm and unceasing watchfulness of such men, do millions of our population annually intrust their property and their lives; and, after all, how comparatively seldom is this confidence betrayed!

The train is now moving splendidly. The complicated and diverse incidents which are brought together to make up such a magnificent piece of machinery for the moment harmonize, and the only expression that remorseless friction can give, is a dull, grating sound, good evidence under the circumstances that there is an accord between iron, fire, water, and motion, nearly complete.

The pelting rain has been a deluge "higher up the road." The mountain-tops, which are now so black and frowning in the distance, caught the heavily-burdened clouds on their tops, and a deluge broke down the furrowed sides of the hills and went plunging into the valleys below. It was a sort of race with the rushing of the accumulating waters, as they swept over wier and dam for the broad flats, through which the railway, like a tensely-drawn thread, marked its way.

The engineer had often hesitatingly worked his way over the low ground, the wheels of the long train stopping "ankle deep," in the momentary rise of water, but he accomplished the task in safety; and with his previous experience to guide him he entered the broadly extended and shallow flood. Suddenly, from the attitude of commonplace attention, he leans forward, and attempts to penetrate the darkness that like a wall seems to hedge the glare of his powerful reflector. His eyes presently dilate with surprise. The delicate ripple that shows the line where the running water coquets with the railway embankment is obliterated—and a sheen, as if of polished glass, develops the terrible truth that a section of the road has *dissolved away!* The danger is announced by a shriek, compounded of steam and brass, so diabolical that it appears as if a thousand fiends, in a single breath, endeavored to give utterance to exultation and anguish. The five hundred somnolent passengers partially recover their steeped senses, and wonder "if any thing has gone wrong outside?" But the alarm-signal has a different effect upon the brakemen: they seize the powerfully-constructed levers, and the train, which a moment previously was so full of life, is paralyzed—it trembles into sections, and, clanking and groaning, reluctantly comes to a rest.

The passengers and train are saved!

### THE "DANGEROUS CLASSES" OF NEW YORK.

#### IV.

#### THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE.

THE spectacle which earliest and most painfully arrested the attention of those engaged in the movement of reform and charity, spoken of in our recent articles, were the *houseless boys* in various portions of the city.

There seemed to be a very considerable class of lads in New York who bore to the busy, wealthy world about them, something of the same relation which the Indians bear to the civilized Western settlers. They had no settled home, and lived on the outskirts of society, their hand against every man's pocket, and every man looking on them as natural enemies, their wits sharpened like those of a savage, and their principles often no better. Christianity reared its temples over them, and civilization was carrying on its great work, while they—a happy race of little heathens and barbarians—plundered, or frolicked, or led their roving life, far beneath. Sometimes they seemed to me, like what the police call them, "street-rats," who gnawed at the foundations of society, and scampered away when light was brought near them. Their life was, of course, a painfully hard one. To sleep in boxes, or under stairways, or in hay-barges on the coldest winter-nights, for a mere child, was hard enough; but often to have no food, to be kicked and cuffed by the older ruffians, and shoved about by the police, standing barefooted and in rags under doorways as the winter-storm raged, and to know that in all the great city there was not a single door open with welcome to the little rover—this was harder. Yet, with all this, a more light-hearted youngster than the street-boy is not to be found. He is always ready to make fun of his own sufferings, and to "chaff" others.

His face is old from exposure and his sharp "struggle for existence;" his clothes flutter in the breeze; and his bare feet peep out from the broken boots. Yet he is merry as a clown, and always ready for the smallest joke, and quick to take "a point" or to return a repartee. His views of life are mainly derived from the more mature opinions of "flash-men," engine-runners, cock-fighters, pugilists, and pickpockets, whom he occasionally is permitted to look upon with admiration at some select pot-house; while his more ideal pictures of the world about him, and his literary education, come from the low theatres, to which he is passionately attached. His morals are, of course, not of a high order, living, as he does, in a fighting, swearing, stealing, and gambling set. Yet he has his code: he will not get drunk; he pays his debts to other boys, and thinks it dishonorable to sell papers on their beat, and, if they come on him, he administers summary justice by "punching;" he is generous to a fault, and will always divide his last sixpence with a poorer boy. "Life is a strife" with him, and money its reward; and, as bankruptcy means to the street-boy a night on the door-steps without supper, he is sharp and reckless, if he can only earn or get enough to keep him above water. His temptations are, to cheat, steal, and lie. His religion is vague. One boy, who told me he "didn't live nowhere," who had never heard

of Christ, said he had heard of God, and the boys thought it "kind o' lucky" to say over something to Him one of them had learned, when they were sleeping out in boxes.

With all their other vices, it is remarkable how few of these smaller street-boys ever take liquor. And their kindness to one another, when all are in the utmost destitution, is a credit to human nature. Only recently, a poor hump-backed lad in the Newsboys' Lodging-house gave his dollar, and collected nine more from the boys, for the family of the children who were lost in New Jersey.

Their money is unfortunately apt to slip away, especially for gambling and petty lotteries, called "policy-tickets."

A tradition in the remote past of some boy who drew a hundred dollars in these lotteries still pervades the whole body, and they annually sink a considerable portion of their hard-earned pennies in "policy-tickets."

The choice of these lads of a night's resting-place is sometimes almost as remarkable as was Gavroche's in "Les Misérables." Two little newsboys slept one winter in the iron tube of the tubular bridge at Harlem; two others made their bed in a burned-out safe in Wall Street. Sometimes they ensconced themselves in the cabin of a ferry-boat, and thus spent the night. Old boilers, barges, steps, and, above all, steam-gratings, were their favorite beds.

In those days the writer would frequently see ten or a dozen of them, piled together to keep one another warm, under the stairs of the printing-offices.

In planning the alleviation of these evils, it was necessary to keep in view one object, not to weaken the best quality of this class—their sturdy independence—and, at the same time, their prejudices and habits were not too suddenly to be assailed. They had a peculiar dread of Sunday-schools and religious exhortations—I think partly because of the general creed of their older associates, but more for fear that these exercises were a "pious dodge" for trapping them into the House of Refuge or some place of detention.

The first thing to be aimed at in the plan was, to treat the lads as independent little dealers, and give them nothing without payment, but at the same time to offer them much more for their money than they could get anywhere else. Moral, educational, and religious influences were to come in afterward. Securing them through their interests, we had a permanent hold of them.

Efforts were made by the writer among our influential citizens and in various churches, public meetings were held, articles written, the press interested, and at length sufficient money was pledged to make the experiment. The board of the new Society gave its approval, and a loft was secured in the old "Sun Buildings," and fitted up as a lodging-room, and in March, 1854, the first Lodging-house for street-boys or newsboys in this country was opened.

An excellent superintendent was found in the person of a carpenter, Mr. C. C. Tracy, who showed remarkable ingenuity and tact in the management of these wild lads. These little subjects regarded the first arrangements with some suspicion and much contempt. To find a good bed offered them for six cents, with a bath thrown in, and a supper for four cents, was a hard fact, which they could rest upon and understand; but the motive was evidently "gaseous." There was "no money in it"—that was clear. The superintendent was probably "a street-preacher," and this was a trap to get them to Sunday-schools, and so prepare them for the House of Refuge. Still they might have a lark there, and it could be no worse than "bumming," i. e., sleeping out. They laid their plans for a general scrimmage in the school-room—first cutting off the gas, and then a row in the bedroom.

The superintendent, however, in a bland and benevolent way, nipped their plans in the bud. The gas-pipes were guarded; the rough ring-leaders were politely dismissed to the lower door, where an officer looked after their welfare; and, when the first boots began to fly from a little fellow's bed, he found himself suddenly snaked out by a gentle but muscular hand, and left in the cold to shiver over his folly. The others began to feel that a mysterious authority was getting even with them, and thought it better to nestle in their warm beds.

Little sleeping, however, was there among them that night; but ejaculations sounded out—such as, "I say, Jim, this is rather better 'an bummin'—eh?" "My eyes! what soft beds these is!" "Tom! it's 'most as good as a steam-gratin', and there ain't no M. P.'s to poke neither!" "I'm glad I ain't a bummer to-night!"

A good wash and a breakfast sent the lodgers forth in the morning, happier and cleaner, if not better, than when they went in. This night's success established its popularity with the newsboys. The "Fulton Lodge" soon became a boys' hotel, and one loft was known among them as the "Astor House."

Quietly and judiciously did Mr. Tracy advance his lines among them.

"Boys," said he, one morning, "there was a gentleman here this morning, who wanted a boy in an office, at three dollars a week."

"My eyes! Let me go, sir!" And—"Me, sir!"

"But he wanted a boy who could write a good hand."

Their countenances fell.

"Well, now, suppose we have a night-school, and learn to write—what do you say, boys?"

"Agreed, sir."

And so arose our evening-school.

The Sunday Meeting, which is now an "institution," was entered upon in a similarly discreet manner. The lads had been impressed by a public funeral, and Mr. Tracy suggested their listening to a little reading from the Bible. They consented, and were a good deal surprised at what they heard. The "Golden Rule" struck them as an altogether impossible kind of precept to obey, especially when one was "stuck and short," and "had to live." The marvels of the Bible—the stories of miracles and the like—always seemed to them natural and proper. That a Being of such a character as Christ should control Nature and disease, was appropriate to their minds. And it was a kind of comfort to these young vagabonds that the Son of God was so often homeless, and that He belonged humanly to the working-classes. The petition for "daily bread" (which a celebrated divine has declared "unsuited to modern conditions of civilization") they always rolled out with a peculiar unction. I think that the conception of a Superior Being, who knew just the sort of privations and temptations that followed them, and who felt especially for the poorer classes, who was always near them, and pleased at true manhood in them, did keep afterward a considerable number of them from lying and stealing and cheating and vile pleasures.

Their singing was generally prepared for by taking off their coats and rolling up their sleeves, and was entered into with a gusto.

The voices seemed sometimes to come from a different part of their natures from what we saw with the bodily eyes. There was, now and then, a gentle and minor key, as if a glimpse of something purer and higher passed through these rough lads. A favorite song was "There's a Rest for the Weary," though more untiring youngsters than these never frisked over the earth; and "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," always pleased them, as if they imagined themselves wandering alone through a great city at night, and at length a friendly light shone in the window for them.

Their especial vice of money-wasting the superintendent broke up by opening a savings-bank, and allowing the boys to vote how long it should be closed. The small daily deposits accumulated to such a degree that the opening gave them a great surprise at the amounts which they possessed, and they began to feel thus the "sense of property" and the desire of accumulation, which, economists tell us, is the base of all civilization. A liberal interest was also soon allowed on deposits, which stimulated the good habit. At present, from two hundred to three hundred dollars will often be saved by the lads in a month.

The same device, and constant instruction, broke up gambling, though I think policy-tickets were never fairly undermined among them.

The present superintendent and matron of the Newsboys' Lodging-house, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor (at Nos. 49 and 51 Park Place), are unsurpassed in such institutions in their discipline, order, good management, and excellent housekeeping. The floors, over which two hundred or two hundred and fifty street-boys tread daily, are as clean as a man-of-war's deck. The Sunday-evening meetings are as attentive and orderly as a church, the week-evening school quiet and studious. All that mass of wild young humanity is kept in perfect order, and brought under a thousand good influences.

In the course of a year the population of a town passes through the Lodging-house—in 1868 and '69, eight thousand nine hundred and forty-four different boys.

Many are put in good homes; some find places for themselves; others drift away—no one knows whither.

They are an army of orphans—regiments of children who have

not a home or friend—a multitude of little street-rovers who have no place where to lay their heads. They are being educated in the streets rapidly to be thieves and burglars and criminals. The Lodging-house is at once school, church, intelligence-office, and hotel for them. Here they are shaped to be honest and industrious citizens; here taught economy, good order, cleanliness, and morality; here Religion brings its powerful influences to bear upon them; and they are sent forth to begin courses of honest livelihood.

The Lodging-houses repay their expenses to the public ten times over each year, from the thieves and criminals they save, or prevent being formed. They are agencies of pure humanity and almost unmitigated good. Their only possible reproach could be, that some of their wild subjects are soon beyond their reach, and have been too deeply tainted with the vices of street-life to be touched even by kindness, education, or religion. The number who are saved, however, are most encouragingly large.

The Newsboys' Lodging-house is by no means, however, an entire burden on the charity of the community. During 1869 the lads themselves paid three thousand six hundred and forty-four dollars toward its expense, and in 1870 they will pay about five thousand dollars.

The following is a brief description of the rooms:

The first floor is divided into various compartments—a large dining-room, where one hundred and fifty boys can sit down to a table, a kitchen, laundry, store-room, servants' room, and rooms for the family of the superintendent. The next story is partitioned into a school-room, gymnasium, and bath and wash rooms, plentifully supplied with hot and cold water. The hot water and the heat of the rooms are supplied by a steam-boiler on the lower story. The two upper stories are filled with neat iron bedsteads, having two beds each, arranged like ships' bunks over each other; of these there are two hundred and sixty. Here are also the water-vats, into which the many barrelsful used daily by the lodgers are pumped by the engine. The rooms are high and dry, and the floors clean.

It is a commentary on the housekeeping and accommodations that for seventeen years no case of contagious disease has ever occurred among these thousands of boys.

The New-York Newsboys' Lodging-house has been in existence seventeen years. During these years it has lodged 73,834 different boys, restored 5,465 boys to friends, provided 5,126 with homes, furnished 467,923 lodgings and 317,138 meals. The expense of all this has been \$94,223.15. Of this amount the boys have contributed \$24,742.27.

#### TABLE-TALK.

THE London *Saturday Review*, in an article on the woman-question, tells the "shrieking sisterhood" to stop their noise and go to work. The world is before them, and, if they can do any thing, let them do it. Nobody will hinder them seriously, if they are in earnest, and mean business. "Women have already succeeded to a great extent in opening to themselves the practice of medicine, for one thing, and this is an immense opening if they know how to use it. A few pioneers, unhelped for the most part, steadily, and without shrieking, stormed the barricades of the hospitals and dissecting-rooms, heroically bearing the shower of hard-mouthed missiles with which they were pelted, and successfully forcing their way notwithstanding. But the most successful of them are those who held on with least excitement, and who strove more than they declaimed; while others, by constitution belonging to the shrieking sisterhood, have comparatively failed, and have mainly succeeded in making themselves ridiculous. After some pressure, but very little cackle, female colleges on a liberal and extended system of education have been established, and young women have now an opportunity of showing what they can do in brain-work. It is no longer by the niggardliness of men and the fault of an imperfect system if they prove intellectually inferior to the stronger sex; they have their dynamometer set up for them, and all they have to do is to register their relative strength, and abide the issue. All commerce, outside the Stock Exchange, is open to them equally with men; and there is nothing to prevent their becoming merchants, as they are now petty traders, or setting up as bill-brokers, commission agents, or even bankers. In literature they have competitors in men, but no monopolists. Indeed, they themselves have become almost the monopolists of the whole section of 'light literature' and fiction; while

nothing but absolute physical and mental incapacity prevents their taking the charge of a journal, and working it with female editor, sub-editor, manager, reporters, composers, and even news-girls to sell the second edition at omnibus-doors and railway-stations." If a set of women chose to establish a newspaper, and work it among themselves, there is no law to prevent them. The women who have achieved distinction have done so without "shrieking," and without clamoring for help from men, or screaming to men to get out of their way. "Mrs. Somerville asked no man's leave to study science and make herself a distinguished name as the result, nor did she find the need of any more special organization than what the best books, a free press, and first-rate available teaching offered. Miss Martineau dived with more or less success into the forbidding depths of the 'dismal science' at a time when political economy was shirked by men, and considered as essentially unfeminine as top-boots and tobacco; and she was confessedly an advanced Liberal when to be a high Tory was part of the whole duty of woman. Miss Nightingale undertook the care of wounded soldiers without any more publicity than was absolutely necessary for the organization of her staff, and with not so much as one shriek. Rosa Bonheur laughed at those who told her that animal-painting was unwomanly, and that she had better restrict herself to flowers and heads, as became the *jeune demoiselle* of conventional life; but she did not publish her programme of independence, nor take the world into her confidence, and tell them of her difficulties and defiance."

—What does this new clamor about the "restoration of the rod" mean? Only recently Mr. Beecher told us of the salutary effects of the birch upon rebellious youngsters, and warned us to restore Solomon's maxim to its ancient household place. Whether young ladies, in the public schools, should or should not be birched, has for some time been a subject of much discussion and philosophy in New England, and now we find the matter agitating, with many *pro* and *con*s, the columns of some of the English journals. The *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* contained recently a very long communication from one who signed herself "a Rejoicer in the Restoration of the Rod," in which are told many incidents of how girls and boys are flogged in English schools, and how, by an application of birch to the bare person, obedience and all the virtues enter into the consciences of the birched. The "Rejoicer" dwells particularly upon boys being whipped by women, and relates two or three instances of how this is done in a school in Kentish Town, London, kept by a Miss —, the name in blank, but who is described as "very kind and good." One instance is as follows:

"A boy had been to a large preparatory school at Clapham, near London, where 'corporal punishment was dispensed with.' This boy, at twelve, was a perfect pest, and by great good luck his parents heard of Miss —, a most excellent school, and sent him to it. He very soon began his bad ways. Miss — tried at first gentle measures, but with no success; and so, after many offences, she ordered him to his room, let him wait by himself for half an hour, and then entered, holding the birch-rod behind her, so that he should not see it. She spoke to him very gravely and lovingly, and then told him she was going to birch him, at the same time showing him the rod, and bidding him prepare himself for punishment (as she considers making the boys prepare themselves to be whipped half the battle). He stoutly refused, whereupon, after considerable delay, she left him for half an hour more. At the end of that time she again returned, bringing a cane as well as the rod. He still refused to prepare himself, whereupon, spite of his struggles, she took off his jacket, and then gave him a sound caning across his shoulders. He soon promised to do as she told him. She then laid the cane aside; and, when he had taken off his trousers, and had tucked his shirt, at her bidding, under his waistcoat, and laid himself across the little bed with his person bare, she told him she should birch him now for refusing to obey her orders, and that the original punishment would be deferred. She then took the rod, and, after five or six well-delivered strokes, the boy, after trying to protect himself with his hands, jumped up. She again took the cane and gave him another caning; and then he finally, and once for all, submitted, and my good friend was allowed to finish her birching; and so far had she mastered him that, when the next day another of the Miss — ordered him to his room to receive the original punishment—for the offence for which her sister was to have administered punishment the day before—he prepared himself for the rod exactly as she told him, and took his birching at her hands with wonderful submission."

After several birchings in this way—the several ladies of the establishment apparently taking their turn at the culprit—the boy be-



came very submissive, and grew up "a promising and exemplary young man." Another case related is of a boy of sixteen, who was whipped for certain past offences in the presence of his mother the day after he entered school. In this instance the boy was undressed by Miss —, strapped across a bench, and the several lady-teachers in turn applied the birch, a new rod being provided for each. If an indignant mob had broken into these virtuous women's domicile, and administered a similar punishment to them, our sense of justice would scarcely condemn it. But our "Rejoicer" tells how young women are punished in some English schools, by which it would appear that it is only necessary to sufficiently degrade a young lady to make her a pattern of goodness. "I know," says the Rejoicer, "one very expensive school for young ladies in Kensington, where, for certain offences, whatever their age" (meaning, we suppose, the age of the young women), "the young ladies are birched;" and then follows the description:

"Having retired and put on a dress for the purpose, at an appointed hour the young lady to be punished knocks at the door of the boudoir of the lady-principal, who, after serious conversation with her, and sometimes prayer, makes her enter her offence (always a grave one) in a book kept for the purpose, which she does. The lady-principal then rings her bell, and the matron of the establishment is sent for, to whom the lady-principal hands the book in which the young lady has just entered her offence, and below which the lady-principal has inserted the punishment. As she hands the book she says, 'Mrs. —, will you be good enough to give Miss — so many strokes' (naming the number) 'with the birch!' pointing with her finger to the entry in the book. The matron takes the book and retires. Presently a maid-servant enters and says, 'Mrs. —' (the matron) 'is ready for Miss —.' The lady-principal saying, 'I hope this will not occur again,' bows the young lady out; and the said young lady, her heart sinking within her, knocks at the next door, the room where the matron expects her. On entering she is told by the matron to lie across a narrow ottoman which occupies the middle of the room. Miss — (as a rule there is no refusal) does as she is directed, and the matron then buckles a strap, which, passing across the culprit's waist, fastens her to the ottoman. She then, without a word—"

But the story is too abominable to repeat. It is evident that all these instances are related from a love of their prurient details. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Reade have shown, at various times in their novels, the atrocities practised in Yorkshire schools, private lunatic asylums, and government prisons; it would be a good thing for one of them to illustrate the beauty of corporal punishment as practised in "expensive schools" in England—where, it seems, nothing is respected, not even the persons of "young ladies of whatever age," and where "lady-principals" ceremoniously degrade their pupils, not in private, but by the aid of the maids and matrons of the establishment.

— We referred at length, two weeks ago, to the great want in New York of modest and respectable residences suitable for the occupation of what we called the "cultivated poor." It has long been evident that the Parisian plan of "flats" must sooner or later obtain in our crowded city, and a large building, constructed during the past year with this object in view, by Mr. Stuyvesant, in Eighteenth Street, has been watched with interest. But some disappointment has been felt in the high prices Mr. Stuyvesant has found it necessary to charge. Rooms that would accommodate a family of four, on the upper floor, are priced as high as twelve hundred dollars a year. And then the building is very conspicuous in its appearance, having more the character of a public edifice than a private dwelling. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, there has been an active demand for "flats" in this experimental building, and capitalists are considering projects for the erection of others, with such modifications as experience suggests. We have seen the description of a plan for these so-called "European houses," which strikes us as very good. It is as follows:

"Upon an ordinary double lot of fifty feet by one hundred feet the architect has designed a four-story and basement building, calculated to contain eight suites of apartments, or complete houses for eight families, besides rooms in the basement for the janitor and his family, a valuable physician's office, and rear dwellings for two small families, making (with the janitor's) eleven families in all. Each house consists of a handsome front parlor, three chambers, a chamber for servants, a dining-room, kitchen, bath-room, and water-closets, besides abundance of closets, every room and passage throughout the building having its own direct light and ventilation from the exterior. Each kitchen is provided with a kitchen-range, fixed wash-tubs, and a receptacle for coal for temporary use. At the back of each house, leading from the kitchen, each family has a balcony exclusively to themselves for drying clothes. Two lifts

are provided in centre of the building for bringing up coal and other articles from the cellar, where each family is not only provided with a separate receptacle for coal, wood, etc., as usual, under the sidewalk, but a separate storeroom for containing any thing they may lay up in gross. The ashes from all the fireplaces will descend into brick receptacles in the cellar, to be removed periodically without any trouble to the inmates. Water is so laid on that each family will have a constant supply independent of any other. Two staircases are provided, the principal one to be used exclusively by the families and their visitors; the back stairs for those connected with the servants' department. These staircases will be fitted out in good style by the proprietor, and kept in perfect order by the janitor, whose duty it is also to attend the front door and to keep a constant watch on all who approach it. These staircases will be warmed by a heater in the cellar, but the remaining portion of the houses will be warmed at the option of the inmates. By the disposition of these staircases—which are brick-enclosed, as protection from fire—and the *hall doors* which lead from them, it is made utterly impossible for any one family, in ascending or descending, to encroach upon the privacy of another. Each main entrance door on each landing, when once closed, cuts off all communication between the adjoining houses as completely as if they were side by side on the same street. This is the pivotal idea which utterly destroys all comparison between such buildings and what are commonly called tenement-houses, and really places the former, in point of comfort and respectability, upon a level with the best private residences. Mr. Hamilton, the architect, has purposely made the front extremely chaste and simple, with nothing whatever to distinguish the building, externally, from any first-class private residence; so that it cannot, in this respect, run counter to the most fastidious prejudice."

This plan would seem to be admirable, but buildings of this character must be erected in central localities, and in unexceptionable neighborhoods, if they are to get the right sort of people as tenants.

— Our confidence in the good sense of Froude, the English historian, is considerably shaken by a recent article of his in *Fraser's Magazine* on emigration from Great Britain. He urges English workmen to go anywhere rather than to America, although he admits that they can get better wages in this country than they can at home. He says: "At the risk of being called sentimental, I would sooner myself earn reasonable wages in the English dominions than be a millionaire in New York." Mr. Froude's remark is not sentimental; it is simply silly, and exhibits an amount of ignorance and prejudice about his kinsmen on this continent which naturally leads us to distrust his judgment about our ancestors three centuries ago. A man who has so little comprehension of the character and condition of his contemporaries is surely not competent to form an accurate opinion of the people and the events of past ages.

## Art, Music, and the Drama.

MR. RUSKIN gave, at Oxford, his third lecture on art, the subject being the Relation of Art to Morality. He said: "Art can only perfect morality: it never can produce art; for art must arise from a moral state already existing, of which it is but the expression. The art of a nation is the component of its ethical state: we cannot paint or sing ourselves into being good men; but we must be good men before we can paint or sing as we ought. So noble language is the exponent of noble thought. It is not a communicable trick of grammar or of action: it is possible only to the gentle; it can only spring out of a sincere heart. Every beauty in the language of a nation is an indication of the innermost laws of its being. If the nation is great, its tongue will be great: no tongue can be great, unless it be the exponent of great deeds. We can never learn to speak as great men spoke, unless we become what they once were. The manual arts, above all, are a perfect exponent—first, of the character of the workman himself; secondly, of that of the nation to which he belongs. What exquisite symmetry and precision and energy we see, for instance, in Paul Veronese! Who could suppose it coexisting with any thing low or coarse or degrading? with remorse or lust or consciousness of wrong? But the moral temper of the artist is shown, not only by his perfect expression, but by the lovely forms he chooses to express. The great artist must have a keen perception of beauty as well as a powerful imagination, but both subdued to the calm of the waveless mountain-lake, which reflects each beauty of the heaven, itself unmoved. In all the great artists of the past we can see at once their character in their works; but in modern art this is not so. Modern life wants simplicity and integrity—every thing is broken up. The modern artist can no longer be fairly judged from what he produces. Partly he imitates the past, and so the character of his art is not his own: partly he seems to forget that, if painting and literature are to be good, their origin must be good. Of all human ex-

stances, the life of distorted or tainted nobility of intellect is the most miserable."

List's symphony to Dante's "Divina Commedia" was recently performed at the Philharmonic Concerts in this city, and is thus described by the *Times*: "The larger portion of it belongs to that order of elaborate programme-music, out of which the listener may construct for himself incidents and dramas of the most tremendous nature, if he has a turn for so doing. An explanatory handbill, however, limits the action of the imagination, in some degree, in this instance. We shall not undertake to produce a complete summary of this document. The religious idea of Dante's work has been selected as the composer's canvas. The chaos of the under-world is first depicted, gentler strains afterward bringing before one the episode of Francesca di Rimini, and these dying away, when the shrill cries of the damned fill the ear; when repeated falling progressions bear the theme down and down again; when the stormy utterances, chromatically effected, paint an elemental war; and when the accentuation of the curse, '*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate*,' is given with tenfold vehemence. This ends the first part of the symphony, which part is divided into two movements, an *allegro frenetico* and an *andante amoroso*. The second section delineates Purgatory. The principal theme begins after the manner of a *chorale*. Upon its close follows a second indicative of self-accusation, patient resignation, and inexpressible sorrow. A fugue movement is introduced—lamenting, weeping, entreating—commencing with one voice, and gradually developing into a chorus of voices innumerable, striving, with ever-increasing fervor, in prayer. At the climax of the fugue, the principal theme, originally introduced after the manner of a *chorale*, stands out boldly, and soon after shrinks back, and, accompanied by a plaintive recitative, disappears altogether. Gradually the heavy clouds of unspeakable suffering are cleared away. The sound of harps announces that paradise is near. The chant of the 'Magnificat' is hearkened to, setting forth redemption by means of prayer. From the personal 'Magnificat' a transition is made into the chorus of the whole universe, 'Hosanna' and 'Hallelujah.' 'The human heart, now thoroughly transfigured,' adds the programme, 'is kindled with a holy fire, and bursts into a loud cry of joy, which pervades all the earth and the hells.' The illustration of all this subject-matter of the second part, however, is still less felicitous, to our own thinking, than that of the first; though the din of hell is almost the only portion of that to the suggestion of which some approach has been made. The result, to be brief, was quite unsatisfying, and would have been improved to a very slight extent only had the one chance of fault-finding offered by the interpretation, and growing out of a misplacing of a weak chorus of boys, been withdrawn from us. It was a positive relief, after three-quarters of an hour passed amid 'sound and fury, signifying nothing,' to be favored with Beethoven's overture to 'Coriolanus.'"

Sardou's drama of "Fernande" has been produced at the Gymnase, Paris, with great success. "Fernande" is an exceedingly clever drama; its action is marvellously direct; its interest is sustained; and its *dénoûment* is at once thoroughly effective and free from all appearance of theatrical artifice. "But the story and the disposition of the characters are the work of a bigger man than M. Sardou, the entire motive being assignable to Diderot. Readers whom the subtle humor and admirable satire of 'Jacques le Fataliste' have persuaded to overlook its gross obscenity may remember the story told by the hostess concerning the revenge taken by Madame de la Pommeraye upon her false lover. She causes him to espouse, believing her a virgin, a woman whose life has been passed in the most shameful commerce. This story, unpleasant and unsuited to dramatic uses as it seems, has been employed by M. Sardou, who has constructed on it a powerful drama, with less in it that is disagreeable than might have been expected. The main interest turns upon the fact that the wife is penitent, and has married her husband in the belief that he is acquainted with and willing to overlook her past history. She has written a letter that she has every reason to believe he has received, avowing the nature of the life she has led—a life, be it observed, less infamous than that of the heroine of Diderot's story. This letter becomes the means of her restoration to happiness. Her husband, when he witnesses the insulting triumph of the woman to whose vengeance he has fallen a victim, turns with fury upon Fernande and compels her to make with her own lips a confession of her misdeeds. Over the shameful history of her past life she faints. The good genius of the piece then steps in, produces the letter the existence of which has always been known to the audience, and succeeds in moving the more generous instincts of the husband, and securing pardon and sympathy for the wife."

The *Graphic* speaks of sculpture as a branch of the fine arts in which Americans have made their distinctive mark, and describes a figure recently executed by Mr. Truman H. Bartlett, a new American candidate for artistic honors. The figure is called the "Angel of Life," and is of colossal proportions, being over nine feet in height, and stand-

ing on a nine-foot granite pedestal. Being symbolical, the figure, perhaps, needs a few words of explanation to render the intention of the artist clear to our readers, and this is no way derogatory to his genius; for symbols, whether in painting, sculpture, music, or simple decoration, are always the better for an accompanying key, forms and inarticulate sounds refusing to lend themselves absolutely to the allegorical. The left hand, then, is extended as offering assistance to man, the right, pointing upward, indicating the end and purpose of such assistance; the hair, in the form of flames, signifies the purifying influence. Considering that before executing this figure Mr. Bartlett was entirely without the advantages of study in his art, his style will, no doubt, undergo some modification. At present, although showing the distinctive broadness and simplicity of American sculpture, there is also some trace of French influence.

There is a serious combination at Constantinople among leading members of society, Mussulman and Christian, to build a large theatre in Pera. They expect to obtain a site from the government in the growing district of the Taxim, beyond Naum's Theatre. Among the supporters of the movement are Halil Bey, late ambassador at St. Petersburg, Salih Bey, Munif Effendi, president of the Council of Public Instruction. The funds are to be raised in shares. The performances are to accommodate the admirers of Turkish, Armenian, Bulgarian, and Greek dramas; but the latter will most likely be performed in some other building. The Turkish are likely to be the most popular performances, and it is proposed to have Mussulman actors and Armenian actresses. Broad farce, as in other early stages of the drama, will have the best chance. The government is encouraging the Bulgarian language.

Mr. William Brough, well known as a journalist and a dramatist, has died, after a lingering illness, at the age of forty-four. To the public he was known as the author of burlesques, chiefly on classical subjects, many of which exhibited more delicacy and humor than usually characterize such compositions.

### Scientific Notes.

IN the "Transactions of the St. Louis Academy of Science" (vol. ii., p. 418), Professor Swallow announced the discovery of horse remains in the altered drift of Kansas. Similar remains have recently been discovered in a well at Papinville, Bates County, Missouri. Mr. O. P. Ohlinger procured a tooth at the depth of thirty-one feet from the surface, resting in a bed of sand beneath a four-inch stratum of bluish clay and gravel. Above the last was thirty feet ten inches of yellowish clay reaching to the surface. Beneath the sand, containing the tooth, was a gravel-bed five feet in thickness, consisting mostly of rounded pebbles resembling river-gravel, generally hornstone, many partially and some firmly adhering together. Other pebbles from the same bed were of iron-ore, coal, and micaceous sandstone. Some remains of fluviatile shells were also found. The tooth was sent to Professor Joseph Leidy, of Philadelphia, who pronounced it to be the last upper molar of a horse, probably an extinct species.

Professor Wyman describes, in the *American Journal of Science* for January, the skull of a true crocodile shot near the mouth of the Miami River, Florida. He remarks that "it has been shown by different paleontologists, especially by Dr. Leidy and Professor Cope, that several species of crocodilians existed in North America during the Cretaceous and Miocene periods, all of which became extinct. At the present time two living species of true crocodiles, viz., *C. acutus* and *C. rhombifer*, are known in South America, and both range as far north as Cuba and San Domingo, but we have not been able to find a record of the presence of either of them within the limits of the United States, the alligator being the only representative of the family to which it belongs." He considers the Florida specimen as the *Crocodilus acutus*.

The old question whether or not those nebulae which appear in a powerful telescope as collections of stars, are really "firmaments," like our own "milky way," is actively discussed again. Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Richard A. Proctor vigorously attack the received notion of distinct and infinitely distant galaxies, and insist that many of the nebulae certainly, and all of them possibly, are less remote than single stars visible under similar circumstances. No sufficient answer has been made to their arguments, and many scientific men now hold that all the heavenly bodies of which we have any knowledge belong to one mechanical system or firmament; and that, if there be any thing beyond it, the distance is so remote that light becomes extinguished in the intervening space.

In a lecture just delivered on the "Science of Religion," Max Müller said that eight religions have canonical books: Braminism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Mosaism, Mohammedism, Christianity, and, in China,

the two religions of Confucius and Laotse. But canonical books are not sufficient for the study of the history of religions, and the literature devoted to the explanation of the sacred writings is very large and unmanageable. Besides the so-called eight book-religions, there are many and most important religions which have no canonical books at all, and have, therefore, to be studied from other sources.

To render textile fabrics water-proof, dissolve two pounds and three ounces of alum in seventy pounds of water, also two pounds and three ounces of acetate of lead in an equal quantity of water; the two liquids are then mixed, from which a precipitate is obtained in the form of a powder, which is sulphate of lead. The liquid is then decanted, which holds the acetate of aluminum in a state of dissolution, and into which the cloth desired to be made water-proof is flung. It is then worked up for some minutes, and afterward allowed to dry in the open air.

Professor Unger, of Gratz, in Austria, the well-known botanist and paleontologist, was found dead in his bed last month, and is believed to have been murdered, though no trace of his assassin has yet been discovered. He was seventy years old. A priest has taken this opportunity to assert from the pulpit at Cilly, Styria, that the body of the late philosopher had probably been destroyed by the devil himself, who had just claims upon his soul!

A police notice has been issued in France informing the public of the danger of using paper colored green with soluble arsenites, and warning the manufacturers that in the event of injury from the poison they will be subject to prosecution.

M. Prilleux, in a paper "On the effects of Frost upon Plants," has shown that if the thaw is conducted gradually the plant will always revive.

M. Germain de St.-Pierre, vice-president of the French Botanical Society, has brought out a new dictionary of botany; in the parts on development he supports the Darwinian hypothesis.

In order to encourage the observation of comets, the Imperial Academy of Vienna offers eight gold medals for the discovery of as many comets during the next three years.

De Champagny, Duc de Cadore, a nobleman distinguished in science pursuits, is dead, aged seventy-five.

### Literary Notes.

WORK in political science is announced, which is likely to receive careful attention at the hands of publicists and scholars generally. Its title is "The Nation: the Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States." By E. Mulford. The purpose of the book, as briefly defined by the author, "is to ascertain and define the being of the nation in its unity and continuity." For this he states at the outset the substance of the nation, sets aside the abstract theories usually employed to define the nation, as that it is a necessary evil, an historical accident, a jurat society, or an economic society, and proceeds to build up his statement on what may be termed the scientific as opposed to the metaphysic method. In fact, it starts fairly with Aristotle's dictum that man is a political animal, and gives the natural history of this political animal. The work deals with fundamental ideas, and brings political problems to these principles for solution. In this regard it will have a wide interest where a treatise on instruments of government would appeal only to a limited class of students. The tendency of the author's thought is plainly to call off attention from constitutions and enactments to principles of national life which give such instruments their vital force.

Appleton & Co. are reprinting, in handsome, uniform volumes, the popular novels of Grace Aguilar. Illustrations have been added, and a neat style of binding selected. Grace Aguilar's works must always retain their popularity, as belonging to a class of fiction which, while delineating actual scenes of every-day life, inculcates admirable lessons in the domestic virtues. A new generation of readers have come upon the field since "Home Influence," "Mother's Repentance," and the other of Miss Aguilar's novels first attained their popularity, and the admirers of those books will be glad of the opportunity to place these wholesome stories in the hands of the young women of to-day.

Considerable amusement has recently been excited by the statement in several popular magazines that Carlyle's famous phrase, "the liturgy of Dead-Sea Apes," was due to the mistake of a careless compositor, who set up "Dead-Sea Apes" instead of "Dead-Sea Apples," as it was really written by the transcendental philosopher. It, however, appears that in "Past and Present" Carlyle gives a so-called Oriental apologue, in which certain philosophers, living near the Dead Sea, continued to deride Moses and his mission, until, by their perpetual chattering and grinning, they converted themselves into apes.

Mr. Samuel Bailey, who recently died in England, in his seventy-ninth year, was a banker by profession, and the author of several books on philosophical, political, and financial subjects, as well as of a curious volume on Shakespeare, in which he proposes some very funny readings: for example, he would read—

"—take arms against the seas of troubles,  
And by a poniard end them?"

for the well-known lines in Hamlet's soliloquy.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon's "Free Russia," soon to be published, will give the author's history of his journeys from the Polar Sea to the Ural Mountains, and from the mouth of the Vistula to the Straits of Yenikale; it will also describe visits to the four holy shrines of Solovetsk, Pechersk, St. George, and Troitsa.

Charlotte Gulliard was the first notable female printer. She was in business for fifty years in Paris—from 1506 to 1556—and was celebrated for the correctness of her books. Women were employed and commended as compositors in Italy as early as the latter part of the fifteenth century.

The new edition of Bishop Berkeley's works, edited by Prof. Fraser, of Edinburgh, besides the editor's prefaces and notes, and his account of Berkeley's life and philosophy, contains much hitherto unpublished matter from the bishop's MSS., which have been supplied by Archdeacon Rose.

The character of Pascal was almost as unique as his genius, and both will long afford a favorite subject of investigation for the students of mental phenomena. Both have been recently subjected to a thorough investigation by Dr. Drydoff, a pastor of the Reformed Church at Leipsic.

Otto Roquette is known as one of the best of modern German writers of fiction, and a recent publication in Germany of four pleasant and artistic novelties has greatly increased his reputation.

The star of Alfred de Musset's fame, says the *Saturday Review*, is in the ascendant; it has already outshone Lamartine, and threatens the supremacy of Victor Hugo.

An unpublished manuscript volume of Madame de Staël has been discovered at Geneva, and it will soon be brought out by a Paris publisher.

Miss Laura C. Redden (Howard Glyndon), is only twenty-two years old, and very handsome, but she is deaf and almost a mute. She never attempts conversation except with intimate friends.

Mrs. Somerville, the well-known authoress, is now in her eighty-eighth year, and resides near Genoa, in the enjoyment of good mental and bodily health.

### Miscellany.

#### A Ludicrous Interruption

ONE of our Western dioceses is presided over by an eloquent and earnest preacher, who has a habit, as he approaches the end of a sermon, of closing his manuscript, and finishing his discourse by an extemporaneous appeal to the consciences of his hearers. On the occasion of one of his visitations to the pioneer settlements of his spiritual jurisdiction, he appointed service in a school-house which stood upon a beautiful unenclosed common, which was a fine range for the cattle of the neighborhood. It was a beautiful Sunday afternoon in June, warm, but breezy, and by no means oppressive. The neat white school-house was well filled with an attentive audience, and all the windows (which reached near the ground) were raised, in order to admit a free circulation of air. Among the cattle that had collected on the shady side of the school-house was a rough-looking, but venerable and sober donkey. He remained quiet and contented near one of the side windows, opposite to the bishop, during the reading of the service. The bishop announced his text, and preached an impressive sermon; and, as his habit was, after expounding his text, and before entering upon the practical exhortation, he closed his manuscript. Looking attentively around his congregation, and waiting for an instant until there was perfect silence, he said, in a deep, low, and impressive tone: "And now, beloved, what think you of these things?" The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the donkey thrust his head through the opened window and gave out one of those horrid, terrible, unearthly screams, that no creature but one of his kind can, and of which no words can convey an adequate idea. The bishop, though a man of coolness, was very much flurried. His face turned all colors, and he could not utter a word; while the congregation stuffed their prayer-books, handkerchiefs, hands—every thing—into their mouths, in order to keep in the universal ex-



plosion. The boys and girls laughed outright. Very soon, however, an oppressive silence prevailed, and the bishop, biting his lips, commenced, in a solemn and deep tone: "I say, my brethren, what think you of these things?" Once more, at the very instant, came the deafening, terrible screech of the melancholy-looking beast, as if in answer to the bishop's earnest question. This was too much. In less than a minute, the sermon, benediction, and all, was ended, and the building was emptied, and the people, convulsed with laughter, were making their way homeward.

#### Slavery in Turkey.

At the March meeting of the London Anthropological Society Major Millengen read a paper "On the Circassian Slaves and the Sultan's Harem." The paper began with an historical review of slavery, showing by what means the Turks insured to themselves in former days a supply of white slaves, so as to recruit their armies and their harems. Having recoiled, however, before the victorious arms of Christendom, the Turks fell back on Circassia, from which country they continued, till lately, to draw a good supply of fair slaves. Since 1864, when Russia expelled the Circassians from their country, the slave-trade has by no means ceased to exist; on the contrary, the slave-supplying Circassians having made a junction with the slave-buying Turks and Egyptians, the trade has augmented instead of decreasing. The facts stated by the author with regard to the slave-trade seemed to prove that, from the highest to the lowest, all the ladies of Constantinople, those at least who have capital to invest, are regular slave-dealers. The author subsequently showed that the use of white slaves is a necessity for Mussulman nations on religious, social, and state-policy reasons, as slavery serves to keep women under subjection and in a state of seclusion; while politically it is indispensable for the maintenance of the reigning dynasty, whose matrimonial alliance with any other but slaves is against the statute of the empire. A description of the seraglio then followed, its organization being accurately exposed, while ample details were given concerning the wives and odalisks of the Sultan. In the seraglio the lot of the Circassian slaves was said to be better than that which befalls the generality of slaves; there they are provided with every thing, and can attain high honors and power. On the whole, however, the system was condemned by the author on account of its being a source of ruin and depravity for both slave and master. With regard to the suppression of slavery, the author maintained that it is impossible that the Turks should seriously think of doing away with it, for the reason that slavery in Turkey is so much a part of the social and political edifice that an attempt to alter the existing state of things would inevitably hasten its downfall.

#### Sun and Rain.

A young wife stood at a lattice-pane,  
In a study sad and brown,  
Watching the dreary, ceaseless rain,  
Steadily pouring down—  
Drip, drip, drip,  
It kept on its tireless play;  
And the poor little woman sighed, "Ah, me!  
What a wretched, weary day!"

An eager hand at the door,  
A step as of one in haste,  
A kiss upon her lips once more,  
An arm around her waist—  
Throb, throb, throb,  
Went her little heart, grateful and gay,  
As she thought, with a smile, "Well, after all,  
It isn't so dull a day."

Forgot was the plashing rain,  
And the lowering skies above,  
For the sombre room was lighted again  
By the blessed sun of love—  
Love, love, love,  
Ran the little wife's murmured lay:  
"Without it may threaten and frown, if it will;  
Within, what a glorious day!"

#### Anti-Suffrage Women.

The following memorial, signed by Mrs. M. P. Dascombe, the principal of the ladies' department of Oberlin College, and one hundred and forty other married ladies of Lorain County, Ohio, was recently sent to the Legislature of that State: "We acknowledge no inferiority to men. We claim to have no less ability to perform the duties which God has imposed upon us than they have to perform those imposed upon them. We believe that God has wisely and well adapted each sex to the proper performance of the duties of each. We believe our trusts to be as important and sacred as any that exist on earth. We feel that our present duties fill up the whole measure of our time and abilities,

and they are such as none but ourselves can perform. Their importance requires us to protest against all efforts to compel us to assume those obligations which cannot be separated from suffrage, but which cannot be performed by us without the sacrifice of the highest interests of our families and of society. It is our fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons who represent us at the ballot-box. Our fathers and brothers love us. Our husbands are our choice, and one with us. Our sons are what we make them. We are content that they represent us in the corn-field, the battle-field, and at the ballot-box, and we them in the school-room, at the fireside, and at the cradle; believing our representation, even at the ballot-box, to be thus more full and impartial than it could possibly be were all women allowed to vote. We do, therefore, respectfully protest against any legislation to establish 'woman's suffrage' in our land or in any part of it."

#### Story of Bishop Chase.

Some twenty years ago a beautiful little church in the West was ready for consecration. On the day appointed, the venerable Bishop Chase, with several clergy, was present. Just before going into the church, the bishop had written the "deed of consecration," and, in so doing, had soiled his hands with ink. He did not observe this until after he was in the chancel, and during the progress of the services; and, when his eye rested upon his blackened fingers, he was apparently much annoyed. He called some of the clergy to his side, and exhibited the soiled hand, and said he must wash it. But he was very heavy and unwieldy, and could not get out and in the chancel without great difficulty, and therefore declined going out into the vestry-room, where there was a bowl. "Bring the bowl and towel to me," he said. One clergyman ventured to suggest to him, *ad hoc*, that a wet towel might do as well, and would be less noticed by the congregation. The bishop looked at him over his spectacles, and said: "Sir, I never wash with a towel." At last the senior warden of the parish was obliged to go out and bring in a bowl of water. And, by a singular coincidence, just as the officiating clergyman was giving out the twenty-first Psalm—

"I'll wash my hands in innocence,  
And round Thine altar go"—

the bishop dipped his hands in the bowl and washed them. Some of the people of the parish to this day think that this was part of the ceremony of consecration.

#### The Head after Severation.

No one will envy the task which two French surgeons lately set themselves of experimenting upon the severed head of a guillotined criminal, in order to test the truth of certain stories, lately revived, about dismembered faces showing signs of life. Yet it was well the work should be done, and the results obtained are valuable, as confirming former opinions upon the entire untruthfulness of the reported manifestations. The head examined was received from the executioner within five minutes of its severation, and the tests for symptoms of sensation were made immediately. The face was bloodless, the features were rigid, eyes open, mouth gaping, and the expression was one of stupor, *not of pain*. To ascertain if sense existed, the ear was cleansed and the name of the criminal was shouted into it; but no feature moved. Next ammonia was placed under the nose: there was no contraction of the nasal muscles. Then a candle was held close to the eyes; but neither this nor subsequent cauterizations by nitrate of silver caused the pupil to alter its condition. Evidently, the brain was not susceptible of receiving and conveying impressions. All was dead. Electricity was applied, and it moved the facial muscles, but only on the side subjected to it; and it was quite evident that the brain had no connection with these actions, for afterward the skull was sawn through and the brain removed, and yet the galvanic current excited the muscles to motion as before. The experimenters assert that the brain becomes insensible at the instant of execution, in consequence of the sudden arrest of circulation and the resulting syncope.

#### Periodicals and Population.

	Population.	Newspapers.	Inhabitants.
France.....	37,000,000	has 1,640,	being 1 paper per 23,000
Great Britain.....	28,000,000	" 1,260	" " 23,000
United States.....	35,000,000	" 5,000	" " 7,000
Prussia.....	18,000,000	" 700	" " 26,000
Italy.....	22,000,000	" 500	" " 44,000
Austria.....	38,000,000	" 365	" " 15,000
Switzerland.....	2,500,000	" 300	" " 8,000
Belgium.....	4,700,000	" 275	" " 15,000
Holland.....	3,500,000	" 225	" " 16,000
Russia.....	66,000,000	" 200	" " 330,000
Spain.....	15,000,000	" 200	" " 75,000
Sweden and Norway...	5,200,000	" 150	" " 36,000
Denmark.....	2,000,000	" 100	" " 20,000
Turkey.....	30,000,000	" 100	" " 300,000

# Varieties.

A RECENT number of an English review most truthfully remarks: "For the few authors whose names are familiar to the world, there are, as in every calling, myriads who are never heard of beyond their private circle. They have swarmed from the hour when printing and reading became common; but, as Pope and his contemporaries were the first to drag the tribe of underlings into public view, many circumstances are often assumed to have been peculiar to that time which had long been the standing condition of things. Swift, in his 'Hospital for Incurables,' calculates that provision must be made 'for at least forty thousand incurable scribblers,' and adds, with his usual savage satire, that 'if there were not great reason to hope that many of that class would properly be admitted among the incurable fools, he should strenuously intercede to have the number increased by ten or twenty thousand more.'"

The death of Dr. Duncan, a professor in the New College, Edinburgh, is announced. Prof. Duncan was a very "absent-minded" man, and a legend used to be current about him which has been told of many people in slightly-different forms. The doctor was coming, so says the story, out of the college one day, when a cow brushed slightly against him; the doctor mechanically lifted his hat and muttered, "I beg your pardon, ma'am." He was a good deal rallied about this. A day or two afterward, as he was again coming from his class, he stumbled against a lady, and at once exclaimed, "Is that you again, you beast?"

At a dinner-party given in New York by William Cullen Bryant, nearly forty years ago, the poets Dana and Halleck met for the second time. "After dinner," says Dana, "he and I talked monarchism, with nobility and a third order, enough to prevent despotism—nothing more. Bryant sat by, hearing us. 'Why,' said he, 'you are not in earnest!' 'Never more so,' was our answer. Bryant still holds to simple democracy, I believe. How far Mr. Halleck may have modified his creed, I know not. For myself, I am only better than ever satisfied what an incorrigible creature man is to govern under the wisest adapted forms. But man will have to come to orders and degrees at last."

When the Empress Josephine had to give place to the daughter of the Austrian emperor, and retire to Malmaison, Spontini, the celebrated composer, ventured, contrary to the will of Napoleon, to pay her a visit. Suddenly the emperor stepped out from a side-door into the anteroom where Spontini waited alone. "What brings you here?" he asked, in an imperious tone. "Sire," answered Spontini, "what brings you here?" Napoleon turned away at this allusion to his own inextinguishable feeling.

In Paris there are six thousand regular licensed rag-gatherers, who wear medals, and at least three thousand runners, or *coltigueurs*, as they are called, who pay nothing for their privilege, but who are tolerated by the authorities. On an average each rag-gatherer fills his basket once a day, the contents of which, before being assorted, are worth about one franc and fifty centimes; equal to a gain of fifteen thousand francs a day, and five million five hundred thousand francs per annum. When the contents are well picked and carefully assorted, they are worth double the price, viz., about three francs per basketful.

The following are given in a recently-published work in English surnames, as specimens of the old Puritans in England about the year 1655. They are taken from a jury-list in Sussex County, and cannot fail to cause a smile in our day: Faint-not Hewitt, Seek-wisdom Wood, Redeemed Compton, Accepted Trevor, God-reward Smart, Make-peace Heaton, Be-courteous Cole, Repentance Ains, Return Spelman, Kill-sin Pimple, Fly-debate Roberts, Be-faithful Sinner, Hope-for Bending, Weep-not Billings, Elected Mitchell, Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White, Stand-fast-on-high Stringer, Search-the-Scriptures Moreton, The-peace-of-God Knight.

The London *Queen* of the 5th of March contains the following query: "Can any lady recommend any *Sunday* toys for very young children, fourteen months old? I find the Noah's Ark is not safe, as they break off the limbs from the figures, and put them in their mouths." It is, indeed, a little difficult to know what theological toys can be recommended to persons of such tender years that they put all they possess into their mouths; perhaps thirty-nine articles of the nature of nine-pins might suit.

At a collection made at a charity fair held in —, a lady offered the plate to a rich man well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was his curt reply. "Then, take something, sir," she answered; "you know I am begging for the poor."

A mechanic, who works in a bindery at Brooklyn, has just invented a machine for paring apples or potatoes, a barrel of either in five minutes. He has been offered eighty thousand dollars for it, but is waiting to get one hundred thousand.

The French association for suppressing the use of tobacco offers eight prizes for essays on the subject for the year 1871, and it has this year awarded seven medals.

A religious paper has figured out Job's wealth (who was said to be the "greatest man of all the earth") to have been three hundred and seventy thousand dollars gold.

The first coin made in the Philadelphia mint was the copper cent made in 1763. The first silver dollar was made in 1794, and the first gold eagle in 1785.

The success of English astronomers on the Peak of Teneriffe has led the Russian Government to establish an astronomical observatory on Mount Ararat.

Dr. Pearson stated before the British Association that, in London, salt and refined lump-sugar were the only articles of manufactured food which were not adulterated.

The Boston *Advertiser* tells of an individual who lost an axe twenty years ago, which he has just found under his bed, and is of the opinion that "his life has not been made unhappy by house-cleaning."

Several towns in Vermont have, at the recent elections, elected women as superintendents of their schools.

The growing mulberry-trees for silk-worms' food, in southern California, are estimated at five hundred thousand.

The Turkish sultan suffers from toothache to such an extent that his life is almost unbearable.

A man of inquiring mind wants to know if modern whiskey has ever been seen "comin' through the rye."

Prince Narixkina has presented his collection of pictures to the czar. It is the most valuable collection ever possessed by a single person.

Bishop Davis, of North Carolina, is quite blind, but has committed the entire church service to memory.

"Well, wife, you can't say I ever contracted bad habits?" "No, sir; you generally expanded them."

The wife's inability to make good bread is a ground of divorce among the Arabs.

## The Museum.

THE accompanying cut represents an ideal combat between two of those enormous reptiles which existed during the lower cretaceous period of geology, long anterior to the creation of man. The one on the right of the picture is the *Megalosaurus*, an enormous lizard borne upon slightly-raised feet; its length reached about forty feet. Cuvier considered that it partook both of the structure of the iguana and the monitors, the latter of which belong to the Lacertian reptiles that haunt the banks of the Nile and tropical India. The megalosaurus was probably a terrestrial saurian. The complicated structure and marvelous arrangement of the teeth prove that it was essentially carnivorous. It fed probably on other reptiles of moderate size, such as the crocodiles and turtles which are found in a fossil state in the same beds. One of the most important remains of this animal that has been found is a lower jaw. It supports many teeth, and shows that the head terminated in a straight muzzle, thin and flat at the sides, like that of the *Gavial*, the crocodile of India. The teeth of the megalosaurus were in perfect accord with the destructive functions with which the formidable creature was endowed. They partake at once of the knife, the sabre, and the saw. Vertical at their junction with the jaw, they assume, with the increased age of the animal, a backward curve, giving them the form of a gardener's pruning-knife. After insisting upon some other particulars respecting these teeth, Buckland says: "With teeth constructed so as to cut with the whole of their concave edge, each movement of the jaws produced the combined effect of a knife and a saw, at the same time that the point made a first incision like that made by the point of a double-cutting sword. The backward curvature taken by the teeth at their full growth renders the escape of the prey when once seized impossible. We find here, then, the same arrangements which enable mankind to put in operation many of the instruments which they employ." The reptile to the left is the *Iguanodon*, signifying iguana-toothed. It was more gigantic still than the megalosaurus; the most colossal, indeed, of all the saurians of the ancient world which research has yet exposed to the light of day. Professor Owen and Dr. Mantell are not agreed as to the form of the tail, the former gentleman assigning it a short tail, which would affect Dr. Mantell's estimate of its probable length of fifty or sixty feet; the largest femoral bone yet found measures four feet eight inches in length. The form and disposition of the feet, added to the existence of an osseous horn on the upper part of the muzzle, or snout,

almost identifies it as a species of the existing iguanas, the only reptile which is known to be provided with such a horn upon the nose. There is, therefore, no doubt as to the resemblance between these two beings; but, while the largest of living iguanas scarcely exceeds a yard in length, its fossil congener was probably fifteen or sixteen times that length. The teeth, which are the most important and characteristic organs of the whole animal, are not fixed in distinct sockets like those of croco-

diles, but fixed on the internal face of a dental bone, that is to say, in the interior of the palate, as in the lizards. The place thus occupied by the edges of the teeth, their trenchant and saw-like form, their mode of curvature, the points where they become broader or narrower, which turn them into a species of nippers or scissors, are all suitable for cutting and tearing the coriaceous and resisting plants which are also found among the remains buried with the reptile.



Iguanodon and Megalosaurus of the Geological Lower Cretaceous Period.

### CONTENTS OF NO. 57, APRIL 30, 1870.

	PAGE		PAGE
"DANGER AHEAD." (Illustration.) By Winslow Homer.....	477	A SPRING THREEKODY. By Henry St. John.....	495
THE LADY OF THE ICE: Chapters XIV. to XVI. (Illustrated.) By James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Cord and Creese," etc.....	478	DANGER AHEAD.....	496
A FOOL'S WEDDING. From the German.....	482	THE "DANGEROUS CLASSES" OF NEW YORK: IV. By C. L. Brace.....	496
CARTHAGENA IN COLOMBIA. (Illustrated.) By Mrs. L. Dow.....	483	TABLE-TALK.....	498
OUT OF SPAIN. By J. H. Clark.....	488	ART, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.....	499
THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS: Chapters XLIX. and L. A Novel. By the author of "The Bachelor of the Albany.".....	489	SCIENTIFIC NOTES.....	500
LOUIS AGASSIZ. (With Portrait.) By Henry Ware.....	492	LITERARY NOTES.....	501
LITERARY ECCENTRICS.....	494	MISCELLANY.....	503
		VARIETIES.....	503
		THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	503
		SUPPLEMENT.....	

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PAGE
... 495
... 496
... 496
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... 499
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